

NOTES AT RANDOM

BY HUGH ROSS
WILLIAMSON

Rearmament: A Fact and some Figures—Comments of a Statesman— Some Recent Poetry

IN the great debate on Disarmament, there was a clash between Sir John Simon and Sir Stafford Cripps on the question of figures. Unfortunately, even in *The Times*, this was badly reported and the impression made on the casual newspaper reader was somewhat misleading.

Sir Stafford, suggesting that armament expenditure had not decreased since pre-War days, said: "There was a very informative pamphlet published in 1930 by *The Economist*—not a particularly socialist paper—dealing with the armament expenditure of the world. The author of it was formerly a member of the Economic Section of the Secretariat of the League and was Secretary-General of the Economic Defence Council of Sweden, and presumably knew something about the matter. He sums up the position as regards Great Britain in this way: 'If the expenditure for non-effective services be deducted' (that is pensions and so on) the effective charges are £64,000,000 on the average of the five pre-War years and £102,000,000 on the average of the years 1925 to 1929, an increase of fifty-eight per cent. The Budget charges for armaments have thus increased at the same pace as the rise in prices, and represent very nearly the same proportion of the nation's income as before the War.'"

Earlier in his speech Sir Stafford had pointed out that he was taking the total present expenditure and comparing it, not with one particular year, "but with what is more usually taken in calculating these figures, the average pre-War figure."

Sir John Simon's reply merely ignored this basis altogether. He informed the House that "there is not the faintest shadow of excuse for the statement which the hon. and learned Member made when comparing the expenditure of 1914 with the expenditure of 1933," and quoted the 1914 figure as £80,000,000. The 1933 figure is £108,000,000. "These two figures alone," he said, "are sufficient to enable any fair-minded person to see at once

that, having regard to the fall in the value of money, there must have been a material reduction in armaments."

It seems therefore that the Foreign Secretary could not dispute and dared not admit the Opposition case. It is quite easy to substitute the specific 1914 vote of £80,000,000 for the pre-War average of £64,000,000 in order to make figures prove what they are wanted to prove, but it does not constitute an answer to the accusation. It is a pity that, on so vital a point, *The Times*, while carefully reporting Sir John's figures, should have omitted to mention Sir Stafford's and

have compressed that portion of his speech into the sentence, "taking the expenditure figures, one could not say that this country had disarmed since the War (Ministerial cries of 'Nonsense')." The effect on those "fair-minded" men whom Sir John invoked may however be to send them to Hansard to see what is actually being said.

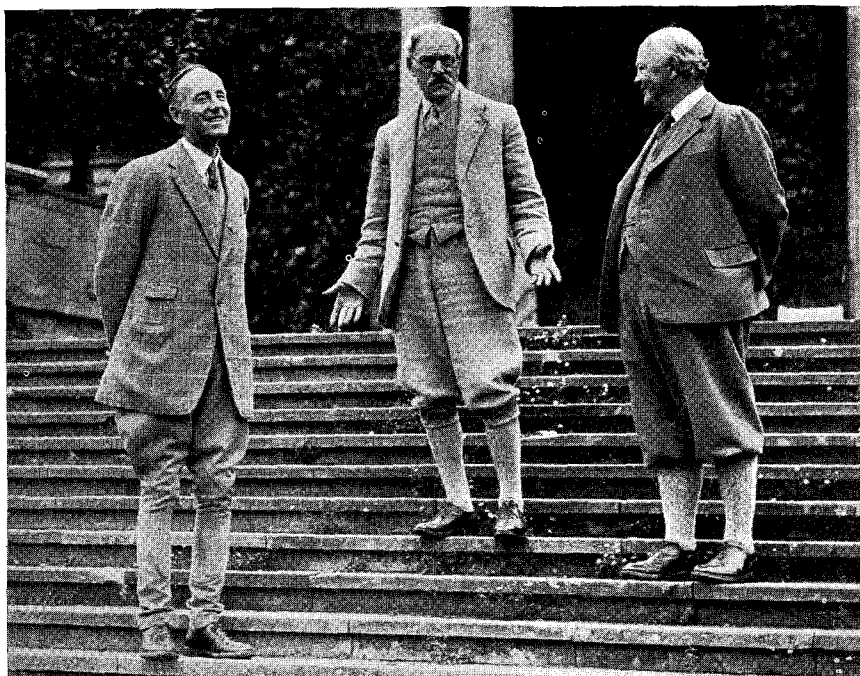
Air Scare

A certain disingenuousness distinguishes the

arguments put forward by those war-mongers, shareholders and (apparently) terrified citizens who are demanding a bigger Air Force. Their main point is that numerically Britain is inferior to other countries in air-strength. They conveniently forget that, as far as can be ascertained, in technical efficiency, Britain has the strongest Air Force in the world.

In a motor-race, for instance, a man who should complain that he had only one Rolls-Royce to compete with his opponent's six Baby Austins, would be looked on as a lunatic. That is a far truer parallel to the air situation than to envisage it as the fight of one man against several. Victory in the air lies with the side whose superior technical equipment enables it to set the pace. The one machine which can outfly its six opponents wins, as the War proved again and again. Mere numbers have no relevance.

It would perhaps be a diplomatic mistake openly to admit Britain's superiority. But it is certainly common talk in informed circles, and I cannot believe that it is



From "A Strong Hand at the Helm" (Gollancz)

In Their Hands are the Issues of Peace and War—
Lord Londonderry, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Lord Hailsham
at Mountstewart, Londonderry

unknown abroad. In these circumstances, an insistence on our weakness becomes less a master-stroke of policy than additional evidence for the "perfidious Albion" legend.

Quite apart from these considerations, however, many even of those who clamour for a larger Air Force admit that no country can be defended against air attack. What defence there is must take the form of counter-attack. This, in plain words, means that if an enemy lays waste our cities by bombs which spread disease, or choke or burn to death our civilian populations, we must be able to retaliate immediately by spreading more disease, or choking or burning to death even greater numbers of defenceless citizens in the enemy area.

This argument has a certain effectiveness about it, as is evidenced by its strong appeal to war-mongers, shareholders and (apparently) terrified citizens. In effect it is the sole reason for an increase in air armaments. On the material plane it is unanswerable. But illogically, quite a number of people who are neither pacifists nor socialists feel that there is something wrong about it.

Unemployment

As the Prime Minister said: "Schemes must be devised, policies must be devised if it is humanly possible to take that section (i.e. those unemployed who are unlikely to be re-absorbed into industry), and to regard them not as wastrels, not as hopeless people, but as people for whom occupation must be provided somehow or other; and that occupation, although it may not be in the regular factory or in organised large-scale industrial groups, nevertheless will be quite as effective for themselves mentally, morally, spiritually and physically than, perhaps, if they were included in this enormous mechanism of humanity which is not always producing the best result, and which, to a very large extent, fails in producing the good results that so many of us expect to see from a higher civilisation based upon national wealth. That is a problem that has got to be faced."

It is impossible to criticise fully the new Unemployment Bill (which faces such problems with an ineptitude surprising even for this Government) until it emerges from Committee. Some of its more objectionable features, such as the undisguised regimentation of the poor, have already been withdrawn, but the principle of insurance, which is at the root of the trouble, remains.

The real problem is with those who are unemployed either for a very long period or permanently—a class which, in a machine civilisation, is bound to increase.

To me the most significant fact of the whole debate was Mr. Lawson's insistence on the point that the number of those who have been unemployed for twelve months or more is nearly five times greater than it was when this Government took office. Compared with this, the slight seasonal improvements in certain trades which are heralded in head-lines as evidence of returning prosperity seem negligible. For it is exactly this type of employment which is the crux of the matter, and which finally will wreck any ameliorative scheme based, as the present one is, on insurance.

"Manners with the Dead"

The publication of Lord Oxford's "Letters to a Friend" (10s. 6d.; Geoffrey Bles) has aroused once more the eternal controversy as to how far it is permissible to make private correspondence public property. There are, it seems to me, two main considerations to be taken into account.

In the first place our generation is, for good or evil, far more tolerant and understanding than any for a century. Our elders, trained in a Victorian tradition largely dominated by a "hero" cult, find this difficult to understand. They do not make allowance for the interest in and study of psychology in recent years. Given the situation of the "idol with the feet of clay," their instinct is to deny the feet; ours is to dispense with the idol. We are in fact not interested in idols

which seem to us to be relics of barbarism. For instance, the horrified denial by friends of General Gordon that he took an occasional brandy-and-soda (as Lytton Strachey suggested) left us amused and puzzled. We could not see that such an action had any bearing either on his competence as a General or on his conduct as a professing Christian. The Parnell scandal, at this distance, seems incredible. In fact we ask of a poet only that he shall write good poetry, not that he shall be a model of conjugal fidelity. We ask of a statesman that he shall rule wisely, not that he shall be a total abstainer. But we still ask of a saint that he shall be saintly.

This complete change in values (which is not a denial of idealism but a denial of hypocrisy) has led to much bitterness and confusion. The aged don who, with tears of sincere emotion in his eyes, protested to his students that Strachey's "Queen Victoria" was a disgraceful book, was quite unable to see that it inevitably increased, not decreased, their respect for the Queen. Any "iconoclastic" biography owes its strength to the fact that it reveals a human being who is understandable

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS

FICTION

"The Oppermans." By Lion Feuchtwanger. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

(See review in these columns.)

BIOGRAPHY

"Nijinsky." By Romola Nijinsky. 10s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

The tragedy of the great dancer told by his wife. One of its main interests is the unconscious self-revelation of the writer.

PLAYS

"Within the Gates." By Sean O'Casey. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

"Reunion in Vienna." By R. E. Sherwood. 5s. (Scribners.)

Both these plays, one by the greatest living Irish dramatist, the other by an American satirist, will shortly be seen in London, and both read well.

POETRY

"Recent Poetry, 1923-1933." Edited, with an Introduction by Alida Monro. 5s. (Howe.)

(See review in these columns.)

HISTORY

"Johnson's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age." Edited by A. S. Turberville. 2 vols. 42s. (Oxford University Press.)

(See review on p. 400.)

A THRILLER

"The Nine Tailors." By Dorothy L. Sayers. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Lord Peter pulls a pretty rope (campanologically).

RIVAL BEAUTIES

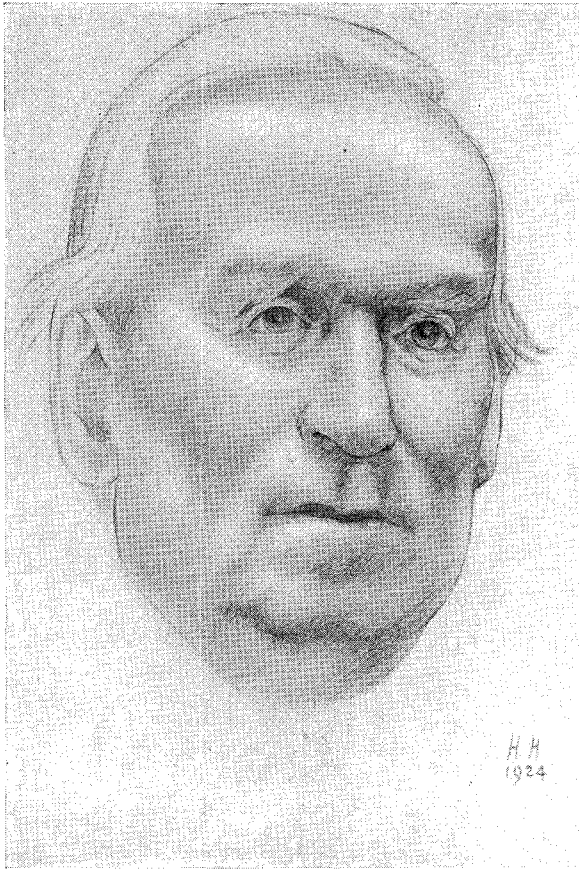
By Thomas Derrick



A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Burne-Jones beauty
(Nineteenth century)

Gainsborough beauty
(Eighteenth century)



From "H. H. A.: Letters of Lord Oxford" (Geoffrey Bles)

"H. H. A."

From a drawing by his correspondent

—and often in consequence admirable—instead of a legend which is automatically disbelieved.

Thus, in a general way there is no objection to-day to frankness. There is however a very definite objection to causing unnecessary pain to living people by revealing unimportant trivialities which can be of no interest to any but gossip-mongers. "Intimate" biographies and scandalous "side-lights" on those still living or recently dead deserve the strongest censure. But even here there is one exception—the careers of those concerned in shaping our national destiny.

The politician in time of peace, the soldier in time of war, are responsible to the nation for their leadership. And it is good that occasionally some truth should elude the barrage of official mispronouncements. The revelation, in Lloyd George's Memoirs, of the incompetence of Kitchener—to take one simple instance—is useful not because it confirms the gossip current at the time, but because it serves the present as a warning of the reality behind the publicity, which is quite as odd now as it was then.

The justification of these new Asquith letters is not in the personal relationship they portray, or even in the picture they give of the weary and ageing statesman sickened with politics, but in the comments of an informed and astute observer on his fellow-actors in the farce.

Opinions of Lord Oxford

Such comments for example as these :

"I have just been for an hour in the House listening to Lloyd George—a very characteristic performance teeming with misstatements and fustian, and cheered to the echo by his servile satellites. What a place it is !"

"Winston was at his worst ; full of flamboyance and

fustian, with a lot of noisy jingo heroics, which appealed only to the most fossilised survivals of the old Tory party and left the bulk even of this degenerate and unilluminated House completely cold."

"It is impossible yet to speak with any confidence about the issue of the Coal negotiations. Austen Chamberlain made a clumsy, tactless speech on the subject in the House this afternoon."

He records too a telephone conversation between Balfour, who was playing tennis at Cannes, and Lloyd George :

Ll. G. : I want you here.

A. J. B. : Where ?

Ll. G. : At San Remo.

A. J. B. : "What are you doing at San Remo ?

Ll. G. : The Peace Conference.

A. J. B. : Another Peace Conference ? Well, I suppose I must come.

And in 1921 he foresaw the situation which meant that for ten years Europe was to be dominated by the French policy of revenge—that policy of which Hitler is so regrettable a by-product—when he wrote : "If the Germans are sensible enough to agree to an immediate payment of £100,000,000 or so for the next few years, we may escape the follies and futilities of being dragged at the tail of the French buccaneers."

Lastly, an extract which might be called an epitome of politics as they are played, with a grim shadow of reality looming in the background : "On the whole I thought it better to be silent in the Coal Debate yesterday, as I could not have backed Brace's proposal, which would have given the miners at once the 2s. which is what they really care for, and been a complete capitulation to the Strike. With much difficulty we arranged with the Labour people—who know as much about Parliamentary politics (in Dr. Johnson's phrase) as a hen does of astrology—a form of motion about Irish reprisals which we could both support, and to soothe their vanity agreed that Arthur Henderson should speak first ; which I fear will not give the debate a good start. But it is well to co-operate whenever we can."

At the Play

Bernard Shaw's new play, "On the Rocks," is disappointing except as a portent. In pre-War days Shaw could amuse himself by writing about marriage, doctors and snobbery ; but his last three plays, "The Apple Cart," "Too True to be Good" and "On the Rocks" are urgently political. One feels that he no longer has time for trivialities ; that he shares the feeling of one of our young poets who remarked : "We have no time to bother about writing masterpieces ; we must say what we have to say while we can." The unfortunate thing is that, in Shaw's case, these last plays ought to be masterpieces, and (with the possible exception of "Too True to be Good,") they are not ; that all the time we are on the verge of hearing his opinion on a vital matter and are not told it. "On the Rocks" ends with the Prime Minister, having belatedly discovered that government is a serious business which demands a certain amount of concentration and intelligence, watching the mob break the wrong windows in Downing Street. But the play ought to have begun there, with the situation stated as a problem instead of dismissed

as a wise-crack, and all the incidental brilliance of the dialogue cannot dispel the feeling of having been cheated. Only for one moment, in my opinion, did "On the Rocks" touch a fundamental problem—in the Prime Minister's sudden outburst that finally there are only two parties: those men who seek office in order to serve, and those who seek it for self-aggrandisement and power. That, an authentic moment of drama, and the superb sketch of Hipney, the old labour leader, redeemed the play.

In contrast to this long conversation-piece, written by England's leading dramatist and performed by some of its best actors, was Aubrey Menon's dramatisation of H. G. Wells's "The Shape of Things to Come," privately performed by amateurs. I saw the two plays on successive nights, and (even without making allowance for inevitable crudities in the latter) there was no comparison between them in the matter of vitality and imagination. "The Shape of Things to Come" was theatre all the time. It ranged from satirical mime and stylisation to stark realism. Imaginatively, the first scene, in which the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse appear in modern dress (Death is an airwoman and is accompanied by a stockbroker and a politician), is one of the best things I have seen for a long time.

Poetry to Buy

The close of 1933 saw the publication of several volumes of poetry which are of importance. Chiefly there was "The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats" (10s. 6d.; Macmillan), in which all the published poetry of our greatest living poet is collected, revised and annotated. Then there was Mrs. Harold Monroe's "Recent Poetry: 1923-1933" (5s.; Gerald Howe) which, in spite of occasional lapses, is a very good anthology and may be recommended as an introduction to those who are hesitating on the brink of the modern whirlpool. It contains poems by T. S. Eliot, who is now by way of becoming the Hoary Ancient; the Contemporary Triumvirate—Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden and Cecil Day Lewis; the Cambridge Counterblast to this Monstrous Regiment of Oxford—Ronald Bottrall, William Empson and Charles Madge; and such individualists as David Gascoyne, John Pudney and George Barker. It is unfortunate that, by his own wish, so fine a poet as Robert Graves does not appear.

John Pudney's first volume of verse, "Spring Encounter," has been published at 2s. 6d. in Methuen's new series of "The Gateway Poets." His poems, uneven as they are, show great promise of the development of an individual style. "First Drums Heard" (which appeared originally in "New Verse") has a very definite merit.

W. H. Auden's "The Dance of Death" (2s. 6d.; Faber) is a characteristic satire on aspects of our present civilisation, and should amuse even those who find Auden's work "difficult."

1,272 Pages

"Anthony Adverse," Hervey Allen's romantic novel of Napoleonic times, has at last been published in England (10s. 6d.; Gollancz), after selling over 100,000 copies in America. It contains 1,272 pages and Noel Coward loves every word of it. Its popularity is probably due partly to the fact that, like "The Good Companions," it moves about all over the place. Most novel readers like a constant change of scene. Also it tells a reasonably good story reasonably well, and contains occasional passages which are memorable and even beautiful, such as the meeting between Robespierre and the saintly parish priest.

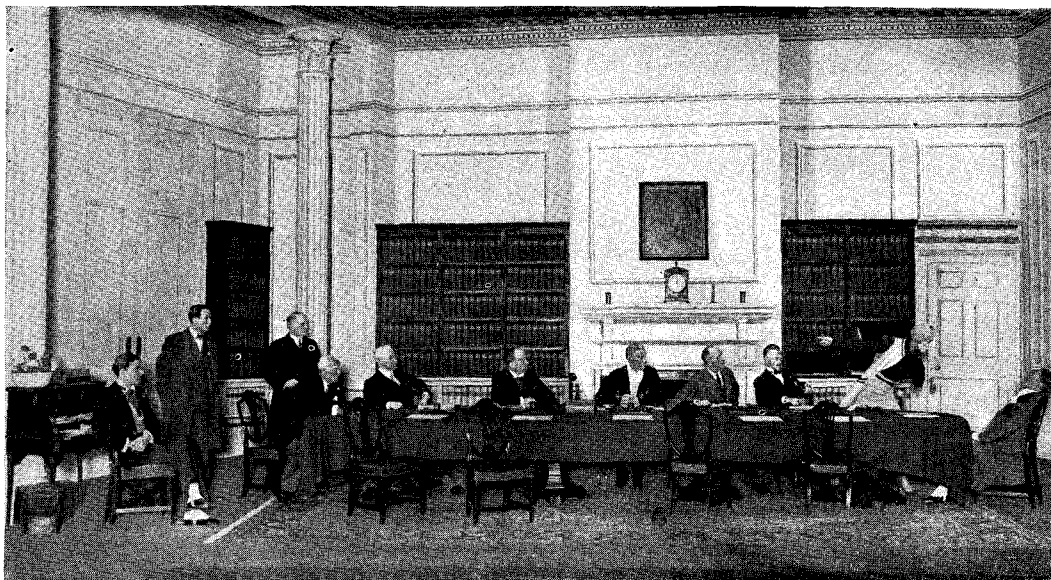
Of a very different type is Lion Feuchtwanger's "The Oppermanns" (7s. 6d.; Martin Secker), in which one of the best historical novelists of our day forsakes the past to write of the present Nazi terror in Germany, in a work where intensity of feeling transcends any petty propagandist purpose.

"Night over Fitch's Pond," by Cora Jarrett (7s. 6d.; Barker), makes an attempt to combine the murder-mystery with the psychological novel. It is not particularly impressive, but it is quite readable and is recommended by the Book Society.

Georgian Versatility

Admirers of Mr. John Drinkwater will welcome a new work from his pen which provides additional evidence of his versatility. It is the foreword to a brochure on the new Cumberland Hotel, which was opened last month. The brochure, which is a very creditable production, is bound in Welsh Mountain Sheepskin, and the first edition limited to five hundred copies.

Though Mr. Drinkwater has written in it nothing so roguishly paradoxical as his recent ascription of the authorship of a famous passage in the Bible to Walt Whitman, his perspicacity is evident in such remarks as—"If an Elizabethan could revisit London to-day, he would not know it," and "Considering London as a whole, we have to accommodate our minds to an ever-widening principle of external change."



At "Number 10"; A scene from "On the Rocks"

The Modern Writer and the Future of Europe

by ERNST TOLLER

*"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ?"*

*"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."*

It is a general rule that when people know nothing about the past, and not much more about the present, they like to be told something about the future. But it seems to me that anyone who takes the trouble to study the past and keep his eyes and ears open to what is going on around him, should be able to forecast for himself the trend of future events, without waiting for somebody else to try and explain them to him.

But there is one condition that must be observed : you must forget what the professors of history tell us about the past and what the politicians say about the present. Or do you believe the fair speeches of a dictator concerning the freedom of his subjects—Herr Hitler on peace, the European war ministers on disarmament ? Do you believe that past events really happened in the way that history books would have us think ? There you will find that all wars were fought exclusively for the great ideals of mankind, for liberty, democracy and justice. Never a word is said of the ambitions of kings, their lust for power, just as never a word is said to-day of the vested interests, the fight for oil, and coal, and iron. Oil and coal and iron are dirty things, they are unæsthetic. Our historians and politicians prefer the people to wear clean collars and shirts and to preserve clean souls. But anyone wishing to understand the past and the present must look behind the scenes and not be afraid of coal dust, of the fumes of oil, the heat of iron. Only thus will he be able to catch a glimpse of the truth.

The responsible task of the modern writer is to destroy the attractive lies of the history books, and to proclaim in their stead the unpleasant truth. Without the will and the courage to truth we shall never reach a solution of the world's problems. Those writers who are servants of the intellect are sometimes forced to act rashly, with no thought for success, or the applause of the masses. Truth is a passion. It cannot be learnt, one must possess it.

But let us be clear : the fight which is in progress to-day is no battle of the generations ; it is a social struggle waged on a front that cuts clean across the generations, that calls for the support of all brave men. These men will not make a truce with life, will not be content with illusions and comfortable pretence. The other front, that of the greybeards, old and young, is a false front and has been so for decades.

Was it not false when it sent the youth of Europe to the battle-fields ? When men fell for ideals which were never realised ? Was it not false and lying when it promised the people that this was a war to end war, that after it an era of peace would dawn in Europe, an era of justice, happiness and freedom for all ?

After the War the young writers of Europe were

the first to expose the false, romantic conception of war, to show it in its true colours. Perhaps not always in a classical style. But how can a time as chaotic as ours be portrayed in classical forms ? The chaos of the time had to mirror itself in the works of these young writers. The world has become so stripped of all beauty that even works of art must lack the pure beauty which the critic of yesterday demanded. The young writer had no wish to depict peace and tranquillity. He wanted and was obliged to stir up unrest—in the words of Hebel : "an den Schlaf der Welt rühren," "to disturb the sleep of the world."

But let us remember the despair with which youth returned from the War. Not one of its great and daring dreams had been fulfilled. The youth of Europe witnessed the wreck of the old order. It lived on but it did not know why. It wanted to work but the gates to work were firmly closed. It aspired to great deeds, hoped for the fulfilment of its dreams, and the world consoled it with the roaring of the void.

Then the young writers rebelled, everywhere, in Germany, in France, in England and America. Their books bore this invisible device : *To be honest, one must know. To be brave, one must understand. To be just, one must not forget.* When the yoke of barbarism oppresses, one must fight and not be silent. Whoever is silent at such a time betrays his human mission.

There were times when a line was drawn between an artistic and a human mission. But the young generation will have none of this demarcation. Writing is for them not merely form and style ; it is character. In other words, the moral conception of writing has for them once again assumed a central significance.

This moral conception of writing pledges them to expose lies wherever they may appear, whether it be in society, in politics or in private life. Thus the young writer no longer wishes to remain shut up in his ivory tower which for decades had been the ideal of the artist. We know that we are moved not so much by beauty as by necessity. We know that it is our task to embody this necessity in our writing in order to free ourselves from it in reality. We recognised that this necessity is of two kinds : the necessity which is set before us by life itself—that of death as an inevitable fate, and the other, unthinking necessity which is but the consequence of human and social stupidity.

The State often demands of a writer that his works shall be informed by that banal optimism displayed by statesmen, in public life, in the newspaper and the Hollywood film. But it is not the task of the true artist to portray a happy ending which is nowhere visible in the world to-day. On the contrary he must correct his age when it betrays the spirit. That is what all true writers have done, that was what Sophocles and Aristophanes did, and Dante and Shakespeare, Lessing and Büchner, Goethe and Schiller, Swift and Dickens, Byron and Shelley. All of them were "writers of the day." All of them sought to give permanent significance to contemporary problems. They were the channels of communication for the ideas working

above time as well as for humanity struggling within time. Not one of them ever concealed the tragic foundation from which life and art alike grow.

It is our job to save this spiritual freedom in a time when reason is despised and the spirit reviled, in which machinery is more prized than man, in which quantity triumphs over quality and death over the living.

Folly has arisen in Europe and is persecuting reason. Men are weary of thought and contemplation. What then, they say, has reason done in recent years? How shall insight and knowledge help us? And they believe the revilers of the spirit. They think that reason paralyses the will, destroys the soul's roots, ruins the foundations of society, that all distress, social and private, is the work of reason. As though reason has ever ruled in Europe! As though it were not just unreason and the want of plan which drove Germany and Europe to their downfall!

Everywhere is the same idiotic belief that some man, a leader, a Cæsar, will come and perform miracles, that he will assume responsibility for the future, hold the mastery of all lives, banish anxiety, abolish misery and create a new people, an empire of splendour, in fact change the old weak Adam into the force of a supernatural mission.

Everywhere the same foolish desire to find a scapegoat to bear the responsibility for the past, one on which man can load his own incapacity, his own failings, his own sins. Alas, it is the old lamb of sacrifice of ancient days, except that now instead of an animal a man is offered up to sacrifice.

The consequences are terrible. Mankind learns to obey his lowest instincts, his pugnacious lust for power. Spiritual and moral values attained only after thousands of years of painful and laborious efforts are delivered up to the mockery and hate of the ruling ones. Freedom and humanity, brotherhood and justice—all poisonous phrases. Away with them to the rubbish heap!

Let us not deceive ourselves. The armies of the enemies of the spirit grow from day to day. Some wear brown shirts, others black, some are known by the swastika, others by the blood-stained sword, and all of them are spectres of the past, are the foes of every bright and just future, are our common enemy.

To-day we are persecuted in Germany. It is not fair play for a thousand armed men to hunt down the defenceless. And we do not know where the hunt may begin to-morrow.

There is only one thing to do. Stand firm by your convictions. Have courage. Affirm yourself in every



Drawing by Ziegler

Ernst Toller

word, in every deed. Vanquish the fear which humiliates and discourages you.

I know only too well the despair of the writer who, living in such a time, asks himself: What is the use of my work? Why write poems or novels or plays or essays? Who cares about them? To the rulers a new tank or a new poison gas is worth a thousand times more than a great work of art. But whoever speaks like that speaks without foresight. Deeds triumph only for a short time. In the end they are powerless before the might of the idea. Every injustice, wherever it occurs, is a concern of ours.

George Bernard Shaw recently condemned the sympathy of the world for innocent persecuted men as an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of another country. It seems to me that Mr. Shaw is wrong. There are no frontiers to the dictates of the heart and of justice. Even dictators are afraid. They fear the judgment of the world.

And who forms this judgment? We writers. But let us not be too proud. We are only able to form it if we live in close touch with the feelings and longings of the people. People are like trees, they grow and breathe and develop. If our ears were

fine enough we should hear the beating of their hearts.

If we believe in the power of the word—and we do believe in it—then we have only to choose between two possibilities: we can either be the hammer or the anvil. In other words, we can be social objects or social subjects. If we do not help reason to win the battle, we ourselves shall be the victims of unreason. Our greatest enemy is not the wickedness of mankind, but its silliness. You call a person whom you wish to insult, a silly ass. But in fact no ass is as silly as a modern European. Because the ass possesses what the modern European has lost: the instinct to distinguish things which are wholesome for him and those which are not; he possesses what we call common sense. Try to offer him rotted food—he will turn up his nose at it. But the European of the twentieth century eats everything.

Fifteen years after the last war Europe talks of nothing but the danger of new wars. What does that mean? We discover that man does not learn the lessons of history and experience. Otherwise the cry of "No more war!" with which he returned from the last war would still burn in his heart and his head. But it does not burn. On the contrary, mothers are once more proud of having lost their sons in the War, and in the Third Reich the evidence that one knew how to shoot counts for more than the proof of knowledge and experience. None of the problems of Western and Central Europe have been solved since the War, neither the national nor the social. Everywhere in Europe there is conflict and hatred—and the more

peoples are connected with each other, the more they hate each other.

Everywhere in Europe there is unemployment and social hopelessness. Everywhere in Europe we find empty larders and filled ammunition dumps. The old political war cries are once more the faith of the nations. There is only one hope for Europe—the realisation that no one people can be free without the freedom of its fellows, the realisation that political justice must be complemented by social justice. One cannot suppress one's own subjects and at the same time talk of freedom. One cannot condone social injustice within one's own frontiers and ask for world justice.

Perhaps you think this solution too simple to be applied to so complicated a problem? But fortunately all the essential truths of life are simple, and that gives one reason to hope that in the long run they may be realised.

The hypocrisies of to-day seek to blind us to the fact that very soon the whole of Europe will stand in flames. They will engulf us all. Even the nicest yellow fog will not be able to isolate England from the Continent. We shall all be participators, we shall all be victims. Fate leaves us but a short time. If we do not make good use of it we shall have no alternative but to reflect in a mass-grave on the things we neglected to do. And nobody has yet proved that there is adequate opportunity for reflection in such a dark and overcrowded place.



The Decline of Liberty

The younger generation, says Irene Clephane at the conclusion of her book "Ourselves, 1900-1930," has "learned to despise democracy, to dabble with fascism, with communism, with dictatorship. Untrained in self-discipline, they have no appreciation and little understanding of that passion for individual liberty which inspired the best of pre-war politics."

In this article a barrister of the younger generation discusses the topic.

by GILBERT ARMITAGE

IT has been said (no doubt by persons who forget that it is easier to put a case in a nutshell than to keep it there) that all the fundamental political issues of the day are economic. But behind this slovenly antithesis a morsel of truth is to be discerned, namely that the major political preoccupations of the present time are not so much with the forms and philosophy of government as with the practical reorganisation of economic institutions and practice. Indeed faced as the whole world is with the necessity of taking immediate and drastic measures with a view to adapting existing systems to the new conditions brought about by revolutionary advances in the technique of production, such a state of mind is inevitable and to some extent justifiable.

In rebuttal of this proposition, it might certainly be argued that there is a strong feeling in this country against dictatorship. But on closer examination it appears to me that this feeling would be more accurately described

as a reaction occasioned by dislike of the methods of particular dictators than as reasoned and articulate opposition to the idea of autocratic government.

It would of course be easy to assemble an impressive collection of extracts from the speeches of political leaders of all parties declaring their unshakable loyalty to democratic principles, and I suppose it would be possible to infer from these that a love of free institutions was still a predominating passion of the British people. There are however certain considerations in view of which this very unanimity among political rivals must appear more ominous than reassuring to upholders of liberty. To begin with it is unusual in any controversy for opponents to devote much time to emphasising the points on which they are agreed, or to agree about anything which they regard as both relevant and important. Furthermore, as Mr. Bertrand Russell has written, "no political party can acquire any driving force except through hatred; it

must hold up someone to obloquy." Ought one not therefore to conclude that when a right-wing politician says, "I am a firm believer in democracy and representative institutions," what he really means, and is understood by his sympathisers to mean, is, "it is only by continuing to keep me and my friends in power that you can prevent the socialists setting up a soviet dictatorship and instituting a Red Terror," and that when a left-wing politician employs the same formula he means, and is understood to mean, "If you don't put me and my friends into office you will have only yourselves to thank if you wake up one fine morning to find a Fascist dictatorship established overnight, and the country in the grip of a brown or black terror"? An appeal then to the sacred name of democracy is in a word a convenient, indirect and respectable method of focusing popular hatred of a particular brand of dictatorship (with all the associations of murder, torture, tyranny and concentration camps), and directing it against one's political opponents. It seems therefore that the palaver on all sides about democracy, so far from proving that the ideas of freedom and self-government still mean much to us, shows, on the contrary, that in the view of the politicians (who would not be where they are without considerable aptitude in empirical mass psychology) they mean exactly nothing at all.

To say that the idea of freedom means nothing to us does not of course imply that we do not know what freedom means. The abstract notions of democracy, representative government, equality before the law, and the like, are familiar to every educated person. But these notions no longer appeal to our imaginations; no one feels passionately about them. Freedom in fact for us is a definitely dowdy goddess, and her orotund exhortations strike our ears as rather emptily pompous, if not somewhat frowstily sentimental, recalling vaguely the preposterous figure of Mr. Podsnap, with his "And do you find, sir, many evidences that strike you, of our British Constitution in the streets of the World's Metropolis, London, Londres, London?"

The idea of freedom has not however always been faded. It inspired the poets of the romantic revival; it inspired the seventeenth century to thought and action resulting in a system which elicited the profound admiration of men like Voltaire and Montesquieu. The question for us is whether it will require the deprivation of the civil rights still ensured to us by that system to restore our appreciation of their value; whether, in other words, we are going to be vigilant in seeing to it that the architects of the new economic order that is coming, build it upon the foundation of the constitutional achievements of the past, or whether, owing to our apathy in the matter now, our descendants will be compelled to refight the battles of our ancestors.

That the constitutional rights of the citizen are seriously threatened at the present time, and are likely to be even more seriously threatened in the future, is in my opinion undeniable. As long ago as 1929 the Lord Chief Justice published a remarkable essay entitled "The New Despotism," in which he exposed how, through the machinery of delegated powers of legislation, the executive has in many instances succeeded in side-tracking both Parliament and the courts. Consider, for example, what Lord Hewart has called the "conclusive evidence provision," which is included

in slightly varying terms in a large number of Acts of Parliament:

"And confirmation by the Board shall be conclusive evidence that the requirements of this Act have been complied with and that the order has been duly made and is within the powers of the Act."

This means in effect that the board or minister can make orders, very possibly affecting the property of a private citizen, which are not only not authorised by the Act, but are in direct contravention of it, and which are nevertheless unchallengeable at the suit of the aggrieved person in a court of law. There could scarcely be a more outrageous violation of what we have come to regard as the elementary rights of citizenship.

It is clear, I think, from what has been said that the two main principles (as formulated by Professor Dicey) of the British Constitution, the Sovereignty of Parliament and the Rule of Law, have already been considerably infringed and are in grave danger of being still further disregarded. The meaning of, and the present situation with regard to, the first are too well known for any further remarks on the subject to be necessary here. The effect of the second is to ensure immunity to every citizen from any kind of *arbitrary* interference or restraint—not a bad definition of civil liberty by the way—whether at the hands of government agents or of private persons, and to enable him to maintain this right by the same remedies and in the same courts against either. Contrast this system, under which rights are defined by general and ascertainable principles impartially and publicly administered, with one under which the final, if not indeed the only, appeal is to the discretion or caprice of an irresponsible executive, whether monarch, dictator, ministry, or department of state.

It is not difficult to decide under which a rational and civilised human being would prefer to live; nor unfortunately is it hard to see that the ambitions of the executive must invariably conflict with the interests of civil liberty. From the time of Coke, who defied James I in the cases of "Commendams" and "Proclamations," and on one occasion actually replied to him, quoting Bracton, "*Quod rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub Deo et lege*," down to the present day, when Mr. Justice Macnaghten recently disallowed a claim on behalf of the Home Secretary that a statement made to the police by a defendant in an accident case should not be put in evidence on grounds of privilege,* the English judiciary have stood squarely between the citizen's rights and the usurpations of the executive, informing the latter, with inexorable firmness, just exactly where they got off the tram!

In this we have been supremely and even uniquely fortunate. But if tyranny is really repugnant to us, if the party justice of Hitler and the class justice of Stalin strike us alike as barbaric and disgusting, if in short we believe, as we then must, that the Rule of Law is a more fundamental principle of social life than any economic or political hypothesis, it is plainly of paramount importance that we should offer the most watchful and determined resistance to any efforts on the part of impatient if well meaning reformers to remove, on the specious ground of efficiency, any sphere of executive activity from judicial control and supervision.

* The case was *Spigelman v. Hacker and another*. It is reported in the November issue of the Times Law Reports.

Ivan Alexeevich Bunin has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature for 1933. He may not be a popular choice, but if a Russian had to be the recipient of the Prize, none is more worthy of the honour.

Bunin was born in Voronezh on October 10th, 1870, of an ancient family of country gentry. He grew up in his country home and the district town of Yelets, and this neighbourhood has been the frequent setting of his most characteristic stories. From the gymnasium of Yelets he went to the University of Moscow, and in 1889, while still a student, began publishing verse in the literary press. His first book of poems appeared in 1891. The anti-modernist party regarded him as the most promising of the young poets. For many years he was a faithful member of the Znanie group, his work being published by the Znanie publishing house. In the late nineties he joined the Gorky school, but he was never closely allied to the political extremists.

In 1903 Bunin's poems were awarded the Pushkin Prize—the highest academic distinction in Russia; the same honour fell to him later for his masterly translation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Bunin also translated Byron's "Manfred" and "Cain," and Tennyson's "Lady Godiva." In 1909 he was elected to the Russian Academy.

During the years preceding the War, Bunin travelled much in the Mediterranean and tropical countries. A great deal of his work is dated from Capri; frequent backgrounds for his stories and poems are Algeria, Palestine and Ceylon. In 1917 Bunin took a very definite anti-Bolshevik attitude, and later edited a counter-revolutionary newspaper in the Ukraine. He left Soviet Russia in 1918, and after many wanderings and hardships settled in Paris, where he has lived since 1919. He spends the summer months at Grasse. His literary output, which almost ceased during the period 1917-20, has increased since 1921, but on the whole his later work, with the exception of "The Well of Days," betrays little progress and seldom attains the level of his earlier work.

Bunin comes from a class which has lost the leadership in Russian culture. And if he can be classed as a counter-propagandist, his propaganda—at least in his work as a novelist—is quiet and subdued, gaining considerable strength by virtue of that sincere quietness. It appears that exile has intensified Bunin's sensitivity and deepened his fundamental love of a past Russia. Like another exile, Turgenev, Bunin has written of the Russia before the contemporary epoch, drawing his creative inspiration from a Russia that is apparently no more.

IVAN ALEXEEVICH BUNIN Winner of the Nobel Prize

by CLIFFORD BOWER-SHORE

A Russian transplanted, an *émigré*, loses virility. His creation has much leaf but little flower. The internationalised Bunin is not the

Bunin of Russia. Bunin is one of a rapidly disappearing class; the younger section of the outcast authors are being merged into the countries of their adoption. Soviet literature is that of a political conformation. It sadly lacks individualism. Panferoff, Fadayeef, Romanoff, even Pilniak may be considered individual, but they are not the corporate voice of the spirit of modern Russia. As an *émigré* Bunin suffers no restraint, and adequately transmits the spirit of his class—the exiled Russian.

Bunin published three volumes of verse before 1907. The second volume contained the poem "Sapsan," a powerful and haunting piece of wild Bashkiria, evoking fiery-quiet vistas of the Mohammedan East. After 1907 he discontinued the publishing of his poems separately.

A novelist in the tradition of Turgenev, Flaubert and Chekhov, Bunin is looked upon as the greatest living master of Russian prose. His stories began to appear in 1892 and gained immediate notice by their lyrical content, the lyricism, springing from objects rather than verbal rhythm, being no mere echo of the work of Chekhov and Goncharov.

Despite the original tendencies in Russian literature, Bunin has remained a traditionalist. His work retains the force and weakness of Russian realism; a sham realism, distorted animalism, acquired rather than innate, where the insistence is strident, the result disproportionate and false. Bunin is prone to elaborate description; he wanders in the vague paths of Slav mysticism. It has been said of him that he works with his five senses. Certainly no Russian has been more careful to describe the exact colour and tone of things seen and heard. This analytical method is dangerous and disturbing; a pleasure dissected seldom remains a pleasure. Bunin leaves little to the imagination; he details rather than suggests. He is an impressionist in prose, and although no Russian has shown greater mastery of shade and light, one looks in vain for the violence of colour to be found occasionally in the work of Turgenev.

Bunin's characters are drawn to scale; they are symbols, and leave a vague half-impression on the mind of the reader. When they act they are jerked smoothly on puppet strings; they are dolls brought to elastic perfection of movement, but they remain lifeless. They look, listen and remember; they question and accept simultaneously. Bunin paints stagnant life. The lack of movement is atoned for in some measure by the limpidity of style which, although often passive and spiritual, is thoroughly masculine.

Bunin's best known story, "The Gentleman from San Francisco," is a work of melancholy beauty. It has hardness and shines with the silver-blue light of steel. It has been termed justifiably an Ibsen piece. Macabre and malign in its eerie suggestiveness, it has a concealed pity allied to a tragic, mocking dignity. The background of Naples and Capri is alien to the central theme—the commonplace, sordid death of a wealthy American on holiday.

In Bunin's autobiographical novel, "The Well of Days" (published in England early in 1933), there is a serene laziness which recalls Goncharov's "Oblomov." Written in a mood of intense perception, it fails only when it lapses into sentimentality. The book of a poet, it details the childhood and youth of Arseniev, born fifty years ago in the province of Voronezh. The account of Arseniev's early Odyssey flows on like a stream in the drought season—clearly, unhurriedly. The impoverished estate of Baturo; the march of the seasons; the inevitability of death; the ever-present knowledge of human frailty and mortality. These flashes of vivid memory cut across the narrative like lightning, and illumine the potential drama of the work. There are unforgettable portraits in the novel; figures whose outline is somehow accentuated by the hazy mist surrounding them.



Ivan Bunin

IN DEFENCE OF ENGLISH PAINTING

by JOHN
ROTHENSTEIN

A MONTH or two ago a distinguished foreign visitor at one of the great London art galleries, after being shown the fine collection of works by his own fellow-countrymen, inquired where he might see examples of the English School. "The English School, Monsieur," exclaimed his guide, a young connoisseur holding an important official post, "there is no English School of painting." Already the answer must sound a trifle absurd, even to those with a strongly cosmopolitan bias, for the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House and the attention which the subject is receiving from scholars and journalists has at last given to English painting some small measure of prestige; at least its existence is now recognised.

Some admiration it has always commanded: the portrait painters of the eighteenth century and the Regency—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence and many of their pupils—have long been held in high esteem abroad, especially in America; Constable, ever since he first showed at the Salon in 1824, has been regarded in France as a master and the father of Impressionism; the Impressionists themselves recognised the importance of Turner's contribution to their art; Géricault and Delacroix acclaimed the English portrait, genre, landscape and sporting painters of their day; the Pre-Raphaelites awoke faint echoes on the Continent; a few German scholars have praised Hogarth, and acknowledged the debt of certain of their own mediæval painters to those of England. But of anything like full foreign recognition of the English School there has been none. Many, indeed of what we in England regard as among the great achievements in the realm of painting—the work of the Mediæval Schools of Northumbria, Winchester, Canterbury, of the Royal School of Westminster, of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Blake, Turner, Stevens—so far from being recognised, are unknown to all but the very few. In England itself, while individual artists and individual schools have found admirers, the National School evoked no interest, no enthusiasm, seemed indeed, until lately, to have no integral being. So while English scholars braved heat and cold, death from brigands and the obstruction of governments to make their notable contribution to the study of the history of the art of other countries, they neglected their own. Some idea of the extent of their neglect may be gained from the fact that between the brothers Redgrave's "A Century of Painters," which appeared in the middle sixties, and last year, there has been no work purporting to give a comprehensive account

of the English School of painting. The Redgraves' book—how incomplete it is may be gathered from its title—remained for not far off three-quarters of a century the standard work of reference.

Many and admirable are the publications dealing with individual painters, periods and schools; but for all that on behalf of no subject which has not been envisaged as a whole can it be claimed that it has been seriously studied.

In these circumstances it is difficult for those who are moved by what seem to them to be qualities peculiar to the English pictorial genius, for those who feel intuitively that this country has made a unique contribution to the sum of painting and one worthy of comparison with those of other lands, to express themselves with confidence. How can they compare with arts which are known, which are the subject of a hundred searching and comprehensive works, such as those of Italy, Flanders, Spain or France, the art of England, which only within the last months has begun to be considered in its entirety? The lover of English art is indeed an adventurer, suspect, having faith where others have certainty.

In lack of knowledge and of pride concerning her school of painting England surely stands alone. Consider, by way of comparison, the case of France. Her artists, from the Maître de Moulins to Matisse, are admired not



From the copy by Professor E. W. Tristram, D.Litt.

The Chichester Roundel (about 1250)

only in France, but, thanks to her consciousness of the prime importance of cultural prestige, throughout the civilised world. France ignored Millet, vilified the Impressionists, starved Daumier and hounded Courbet to death, yet to-day the work of these men reflects boundless honour upon her name. To claim that the present disparity between the position held by French and English painting in the eyes of the world at large is scarcely justified is to suggest no invidious comparisons between the schools, but to assert what the most cursory study of the subject will show to be a truism.

It is interesting to inquire how English painting came to be held in such small esteem. There appear to be three principal causes: the peculiar attitude towards the fine arts engendered in the English people by the Reformation; the exceptional circumstances attending the rebirth of English painting in the seventeenth century, and the emphatic and persistent individualism of the foremost English painters.

At the time of the Reformation in England art was in a special degree identified with the old religion; antipathy for art therefore followed naturally from hatred of the Catholic Church, until at last the beautiful came to be suspect as the enemy of the good. That this should have been so was a tragedy not for art alone but also for the reforming spirit, for it precluded the pictorial expression of puritanism. Three centuries after the Reformation, when sectarian hatreds had had time to cool, one considerable artist, Holman Hunt, did attempt such an expression, but with only partial success. It remained for a Frenchman, Jean François Millet, fully to interpret in terms of paint a spirit akin to that exalted, severe and fearless spirit which has exercised so fruitful an influence upon English literature from Milton's time to our own.

The second cause is that while the tradition of painting was being painfully re-established during the two centuries which followed the Reformation, the uncertainty of the conditions that prevailed kept the native artists in continual subservience to foreign masters, thereby lowering their status in the eyes of connoisseurs. English connoisseurs, munificent and enlightened though they were, exercised a disproportionately large and not altogether salutary influence during the revival of the National School during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They came from the classes which had outgrown the general prejudice against the arts, but since their taste was formed upon highly sophisticated foreign models, they were scornful of the relatively naïve native utterance, which in consequence they chilled.

After the advent of Reynolds it was no longer the fashion for Englishmen to despise English artists openly but a detrimental precedent had been established. Even in Reynolds's day, although the native portrait painters

enjoyed great prestige, it was difficult for native genre and landscape painters to make a living: Richard Wilson languished while the connoisseurs filled their houses with Zuccarellis, Vernets and Canalettos; Hogarth, the most typically English artist of the century, they held to be a vulgar pamphleteer. English painters, in short, were regarded as not quite good enough by their patrons.

The third cause is the unyielding individualism of the greatest English painters which precluded the intimate relations between painting and the nation which existed elsewhere. In France, for instance, painters were not only consistently employed by the State, but they were also able to epitomise revolutionary aspirations. In England, Reynolds and Stevens were fitted by their temperaments to serve the established order of things; Hogarth, had there been a revolution in his day, could most admirably have served it, but the generality of English artists were neither for nor agin the government. They were, as artists, somewhat indifferent also to the hopes and fears of their fellow-men. Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, Blake, Turner were typical in their lonely pursuit of their several artistic aims. Painting in England after the Reformation was never again, as it had been, or as literature remained, a part of the necessary utterance of the people: it was instead a succession of great solitary voices. But what voices! Surely they will at last be heard in their fullness and no more decried among us.

A Short History of Painting in England.

By Miles de Montmorency. 6s. (Dent.)

As an introductory prelude to the 1934 Exhibition at Burlington House, Mr. de Montmorency has written a most excellent little book. Avoiding the pitfall of mere chronicle, he has, clearly and concisely, formulated a theory of English painting in which every artist who worked in England finds his place. The theory is briefly that English painting is an organic and indigenous manifestation of the genius of the English people, and that it is distinguished from that of other nations by a "strain of romanticism and a sense of linear pattern."

This is a very plausible theory. It is too little recognised that Croce was right in asserting that political and artistic history are one and the same. Artistic language, i.e. style, is evolved from the customs, traditions and habits of thought of a people. On the other hand, it may well be argued that painting is the least indigenous of the arts, and particularly so in England, where before Hogarth artistic life was a product of either mediæval or Renaissance internationalism and, after Burne-Jones, a branch of the international Paris School. The real weakness of the theory, however, lies in the second half, for it leads inevitably to the conclusion that the apotheosis of English painting is the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. Romanticism has shown itself too often to be but a sloppy, symbolic sentimentality. And linear pattern is poor substitute for form and a first-rate technique.

A valuable part of this book is a simple explanation of the purely technical changes in painting. The illustrations are well selected and, at the price, good reproductions.

George Clutton

A POLONAISE IN A FLAT

by FRANK RUTTER

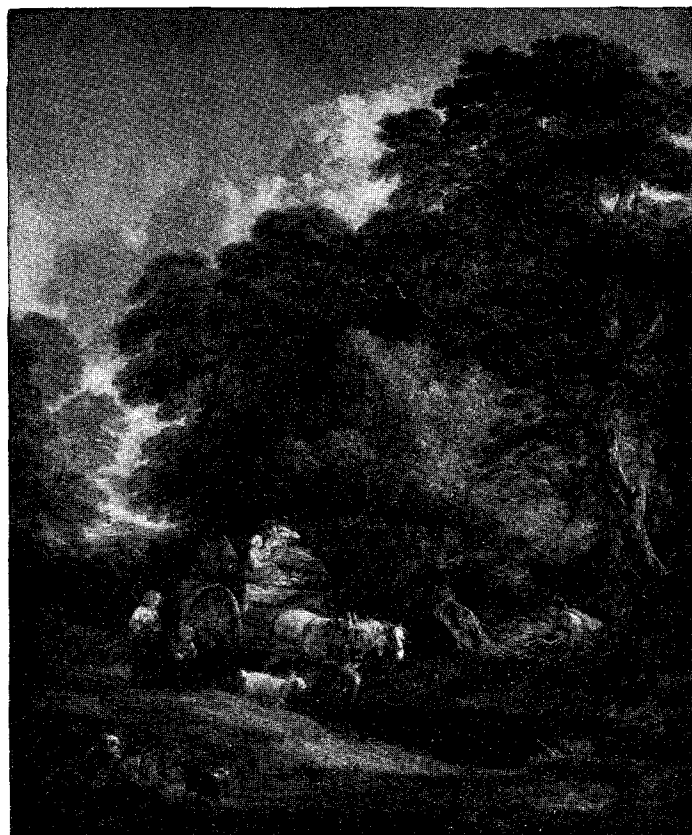
English Painting.

By R. H. Wilenski. 30s. (Faber.)

IT is difficult to understand why Mr. Wilenski has forced himself to write a book about "English Painting." No English painter of the past appears to be able to rouse his enthusiasm, nor does the English School succeed even in rousing his ire to the extent of stimulating him to be amusingly satirical. Mr. Wilenski is simply bored by English painting, and his unutterable boredom with the subject he has chosen appears on almost every page. His rare moments of enjoyment seem to occur only when he is able to put forward an argument purporting to show that some so-called English painter is really of foreign origin.

His master-stroke in the present volume is his suggestion—without any kind of evidence whatsoever—that William Baker, the painter of the wall paintings in Eton Chapel, was really a Fleming whose name should be spelt "Baecker." Apart from any fun he can derive from depriving them of their nationality, Mr. Wilenski has very little use for any of the deceased painters of the English School. He leads us a pretty dance—shall we say a polonaise?—capering over the corpses of the artists of our country, and almost the only one he does not take the opportunity of kicking as he passes is William Blake. This is his concluding sentence:

"No works by the English School mean so much to the modern student as 'The Divine Comedy' by Blake. Paul Nash has found in them the reinforcement of his own conviction that the painter should be concerned not with still life or scientific imitation, but with musical and architectural truth. And Leon Underwood has found behind them a man whose attitude encourages his own."



Thomas Gainsborough. Courtesy of the National Gallery.

The Market Cart

From 'A Short History of Painting in England,' by Miles F. de Montmorency (Dent)

What Mr. Wilenski means by "musical and architectural truth" is not explained, but he reproduces a drawing of hands by Mr. Underwood which will prove, to all who know the drawings of hands by Leonardo da Vinci and Dürer, how greatly Mr. Wilenski's ideas of excellence vary from those which have stood the test of time.

The illustrations are certainly the best part of this book. They are very numerous, they include the living as well as the dead, and many of them are unhackneyed, showing the work of painters who are at present little known. Though the scheme of the book is nominally in chronological order, Mr. Wilenski drags in modern or living painters whenever he can, and is usually much kinder to them than he is to the dead. He is mildly patronising towards such painters as Richard Wilson, Stubbs and Turner, but he has no use at all for Constable.

John Constable, he says, "has nothing to offer to the student of to-day—except the warning furnished by his elaborated pictures." Of Crome he can only say that his "perception is incomplete and approximate," while Cotman, he maintains, has been "picked out from oblivion by appreciation of one aspect of his contribution—the poster-like drawings which suggest recession by a series of 'flats' like the wings in a stage scene."

Two things and two things only stand out clearly in Mr. Wilenski's book. The first is that he has a very low opinion of English painters in general; and the second is that he has an immensely high opinion of Mr. Wilenski. Indeed his most remarkable feat is that in a volume of only 285 pages he has succeeded in making well over a hundred references in foot-notes to books he has previously written. In this activity, this persistent and tireless reference to anything and everything he has ever written, Mr. Wilenski has only one living rival, namely the American detective story writer, Mr. Van Dine.

An Introduction to English Painting.

By John Rothenstein. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

"We are all going to heaven," said Gainsborough to Reynolds on his deathbed, "and Van Dyck is of the company." For the apologists for English painting the company is altogether too cosmopolitan, with its Van Dycks, its Lelys, its Knellers and its Zoffanys. But Dr. Rothenstein is no apologist, and he does not attempt to defend the English tradition against imaginary assailants. He gives instead a straightforward account of painting in England from the seventh to the nineteenth century and, with the same prudence that the organisers of the Burlington House Exhibition have shown, avoids the temptation to do more than hint at "contemporary tendencies."

To mediæval painting, the native splendours of which are perhaps even now awaiting general recognition, Dr. Rothenstein devotes the longest section of his book, tracing with admirable clarity not only stylistic and technical developments, but also the social and political changes which found at last their most disastrous expression in the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans, when "works of art were destroyed wholesale throughout the land, and centuries passed before hatred of the arts dwindled into mere mistrust."

In the meantime painting dwindled into portraiture, and with a large tolerance Dr. Rothenstein covers the

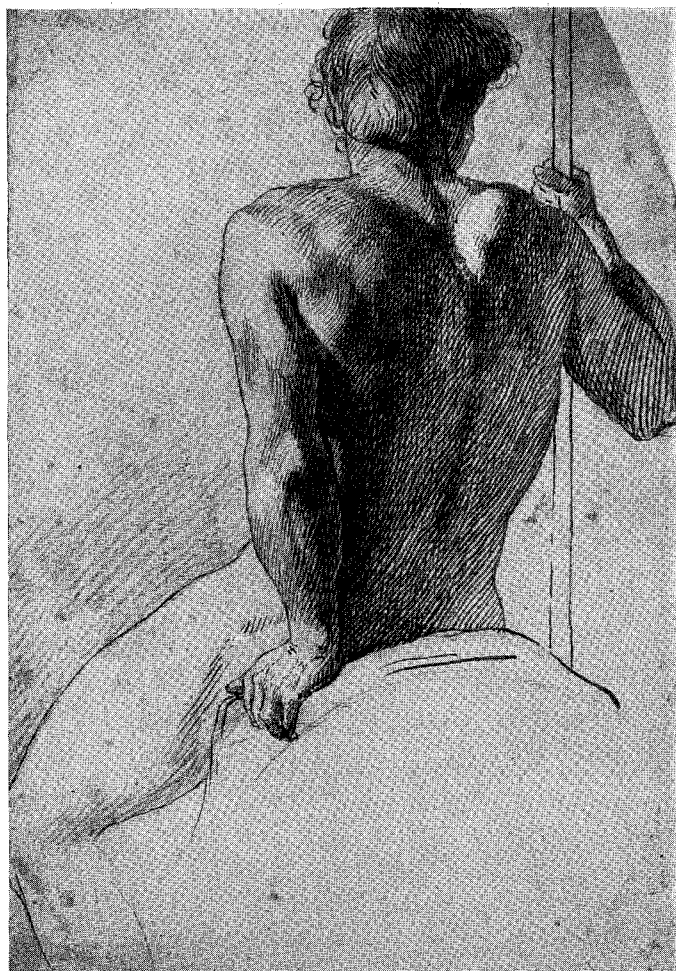
ground of Stuart likeness-manufacture at sufficient length to show us the grains of wheat among the chaff, saving a particularly welcome eulogy—and two reproductions—for the work of William Dobson.

Hogarth receives a shrewd but suitably enthusiastic chapter, and after too brief a glance at the English sporting painters we are up to our necks in portraiture again. But the author keeps his head above water, and his summing-up of Lawrence, which I have no space to quote, seems especially just. In his treatment of the "historical painters" of the latter half of the eighteenth century—West, Barry, Copley, Fuseli—Dr. Rothenstein reveals a sympathy with "public art" which becomes more pronounced later, when he allows Watts and the Pre-Raphaelites a stature which to some critics may appear above their merits. He is speaking in fact not from the academy, not from the studio, not from the connoisseur's library, but from the municipal gallery, and indeed it is well that for once an art-historian so well equipped should so address us. My own feeling that the smaller paintings of William Etty have more æsthetic value than ten rooms full of "Scapegoats" and "Blind Fiddlers" may be personal prejudice, and should alienate no reader from a book that will make a visit to any of our public galleries a new and perhaps surprisingly rich experience.

The importance of the English school of landscape is so widely appreciated that I need only mention that Dr. Rothenstein deals faithfully with it. Of Turner he well says that his "interpretation of the face of nature seems to transcend that of others in the same degree as Rembrandt's interpretation of the face of man." And the final impression of a well-planned book for the lay reader is that Gainsborough's heaven-bound company is no haphazard collection of isolated geniuses—Hogarth, Blake, Constable, Girtin, Turner and the like—but a formidable body of storm-troopers united by a great tradition.

I should add that I have seldom seen a book more beautifully illustrated than this. At so low a price it is astonishingly good value.

Francis Watson



A Drawing by James Barry, R.A.
(1741–1806)

A Short History of English Sculpture.

By Eric Underwood. 10s. 6d.
(Faber & Faber.)

A Short History of English Painting.

By Eric Underwood. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

APELLES AND PHIDIAS IN ENGLAND

THE winter exhibition of British Art at Burlington House is long overdue. With almost criminal modesty we have neglected the work of our own artists whilst we have been generous in our appreciation of the work from foreign studios. One of the many benefits from such an exhibition is that in its anticipation writers and lecturers have been busy the last twelve months studying the British School and even writing books and giving lectures about it. One hears the names Wilson and Cotman almost as frequently as Cézanne and Matisse.

Mr. Eric Underwood, who produced a short history of French painting to meet last year's demand, this year has written companion books on English Painting and English Sculpture. As a matter of fact they tell us more of English painters and sculptors than of English painting and sculpture. The more welcome of the two (if one is more welcome than the other) is that on sculpture, as it is the first book of its kind to deal with sculpture in this country from before the Norman Conquest to "to-morrow." It includes also a useful chapter in which the technique of sculpture (not so familiar to the general reader as the technique of painting) is explained simply.

The subject matter for such books as these is ready to hand; one has but to take down Walpole and Redgrave from the shelf to find between their covers the early family

history of art in England. There is of course no objection to drawing from such mines of information, but it seems

a pity and quite unnecessary when quoting Walpole not to leave his punctuation alone. The "Anecdotes" and "Dictionary of Artists" are the spacious forerunners of "Who's Who in Art"; none is expected to be read from A to Z. The reader will be grateful to Mr. Underwood for sifting the gold from the dross, for underlining the important names, putting them into chronological order and erasing the "duds."

At putting artists in their place generally he is extremely capable; but his sense of perspective, especially when he deals with contemporary painters, breaks down sometimes as

badly as did Walpole's and Redgrave's. Most of my readers will agree, I think, that to devote more space to Anthony Butts and Pauline Konody, who after all have yet to prove their stamina, than to Rowlandson, McBey, Connard and that long neglected, essentially sound painter, Orchardson, is a little misleading. Surely Barker of Bath and the members of the Glasgow School have a claim to inclusion that is prior to that of Clare Crossley? Yet they are left out in the cold.

The various chronological lists and charts will be of the utmost value to those who take these books to the galleries, which is their purpose, but in his chart "Modern School Influences" I cannot understand why Mr. Underwood makes the influence of Wilson and Turner stop short at Cotman, when to-day Cotman is at least as strong a native influence as Constable, especially in water-colour.

by HESKETH HUBBARD

EARLY ENGLISH DRAWINGS

by Iolo A. Williams

JANUARY sees the opening of the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House—an event long and eagerly awaited, and one which is likely (if there is anything in the rumours that reach one in advance) to astonish some people considerably with the quality and range of the English School. One thing at any rate is pretty certain to be demonstrated, the great interest, force and charm of English drawings, particularly, as it seems to me, those done before about the year 1820.

The word “drawing” is applied to several types of work of art, including the finished water-colour drawing. In this short article however I shall confine myself to the less elaborate kinds of drawing, in pen, pencil, crayon, wash or other medium. These may be careful studies or they may be rapid notes of ideas for composition or of things seen, but they have one thing in common, that none of them was conceived by its author as a finished work. The great majority indeed were probably never meant to leave the artist's studio, and for that very reason they have an intimacy about them, a freshness and sincerity, that is often absent from more formal pictures. It is therefore perhaps not surprising to find that many artists, whose finished works are stilted and uninteresting, yet achieved considerable excellence in their drawings.

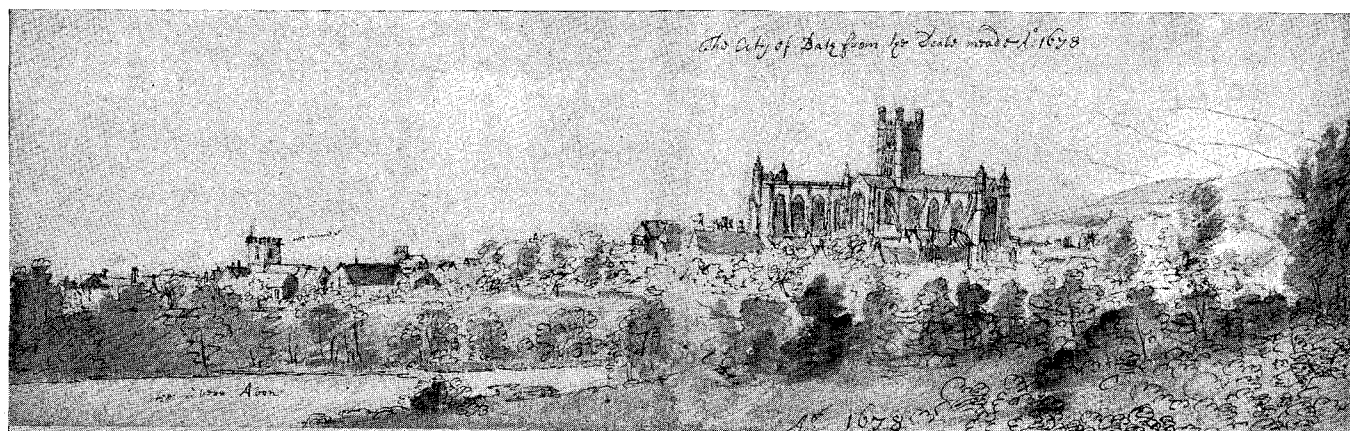
Apart from examples by a handful of great men and an occasional obvious museum piece, drawings of the kind I have in mind are not expensive things. Gainsborough, Rowlandson, Constable, Cotman—these and a few others are not to be bought cheaply except by chance. But otherwise English drawings remain almost the only notable kind of original work of art that can be collected inexpensively. As terms of dearness or cheapness are all relative and mean different things to different people, I had better be more explicit and explain that what I mean is that there are many English drawings possessed of artistic merit to be had at prices ranging from a shilling to five pounds. The shilling items perhaps are neither numerous nor important, but at five, ten or fifteen shillings there are many very nice things to be bought.

It is only rarely that the collector comes across any English drawing that dates from the seventeenth century. Sometimes a portrait drawing is forthcoming (but it is usually rather expensive if it is at all good) and more seldom a topographical drawing or landscape sketch. One may consider oneself lucky if one obtains

an example of Francis Place (1647–1728), an amateur follower of Hollar. Place made many sketching tours in various parts of Britain (his home was in the north) and his work, outlined in pen and delicately touched with colour, is often very pretty. A year or two ago a considerable number of Place's sketches passed through one of the London sale-rooms at very moderate prices.

With the progress of the eighteenth century the number of English artists steadily increased, especially after the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768, with the result that the great bulk of surviving drawings belongs to the end of the eighteenth century or later. And extremely diverse it is in character, for it includes portraiture, figure subjects, caricatures, architectural drawings, topography (which one may define as the portraiture of places) and landscape. Amongst these every collector will have his preferences; but whatever type of work he prefers there are two ways in which he may collect it. He may either buy from the leading dealers or in the auction-rooms known examples of the various artists—which is the more expensive way, though it may give a higher standard of acquisition. Or he may search the smaller shops for himself, trust entirely to his eye and buy good unattributed drawings in the hope of one day finding out who did them. This is the cheaper—and to my mind more amusing—way, though it more rarely brings one anything of first importance. Perhaps the best thing to do is to employ both methods—to search regularly the bundles in the smaller and more indiscriminate shops and occasionally to treat oneself to something from the specialist dealer. But if ever you buy upon a dealer's advice, be sure of his knowledge and standing in the trade. It is fatal to put one's trust in an ignorant or dishonest seller of pictures. If you are not quite sure of your dealer, then trust to nothing but your own eyes, instinct and knowledge.

Important drawings by the great artists are scarcely to be acquired by the collector of limited means, and even a small pencil sketch by Gainsborough or Constable, or a slight pen-drawing by Rowlandson, will cost a few guineas, except as a bargain. Though the point must also be made that a hundred guineas spent on a fine Gainsborough drawing—and you can get a very good one for that—probably brings one a higher return in the matter of pure æsthetic enjoyment than a hundred guineas spent on any other type of artistic object.



Bath in 1678. By Francis Place (1647–1728)

But there is no need for the collector to confine himself to the greater artists. The English School abounds in minor men whose work is individual and attractive. A comparatively small sum will, for example, buy one of the very freely drawn Indian ink landscapes of Dr. Thomas Monro (1759—1833), a remarkable amateur artist who was also the patron of J. R. Cozens, Turner, Girtin and many others.

Some of these now little regarded artists had great reputations in their own day—and often deserved them. The truculent and eccentric James Barry, R.A. (1741—1806) may have had an exaggerated idea of his own merits as a painter in oils. But his figure drawings, done with a thick reed-pen upon rough paper, often show great power and solidity. James Ward, R.A. (1769—1859) is another artist who deserves more attention than he usually gets. It is true that he produced a great deal of work and that its quality is uneven. Yet his highest level of achievement was very high. Moreover he was extremely versatile—he could do landscapes, portraits, rustic figures, animals, buildings and many other things, and was oil-painter, water-

colourist, draughtsman and engraver. Ward's drawings are common enough and are almost invariably signed or initialled by him. They are well worth picking up, and it will be strange if the best of them are not one day much more valuable than they are now—which (though not one's reason for collecting) is nevertheless a comforting thought to the collector.

One thing the collector must be prepared for. If he buys unsigned drawings purely on their merits as works of art he will gradually acquire a large pile of drawings which he is unable to attribute convincingly to particular artists. These are often, I think, drawings by well known artists working for some reason in not quite their usual styles. Others are drawings by men whose work has been quite forgotten—and there are many such, even sometimes men of great talent. But let not the collector be disheartened. Every now and then he will have the joy of identifying satisfactorily something that has long defied his detective powers. And in any event these problems are one of the chief attractions of a very fascinating form of collecting.

Brief Chronicles : Art

It is fifty-six years since the birth of Paul Klee. He is one of the most exquisite, one of the most peculiar and (excusing the word) one of the most important artists alive. To see an exhibition of Klee we have had to wait in this country until 1934. A large number of his oils hang now in the Mayor Gallery, in Cork Street; and at last, for the tantalising half-tone approximations of the "Junge Kunst" and "Peintres Nouveaux" pamphlets, we can substitute the living fantasies of Klee, his harmonies of active line, active colour and material surfaces, which one can feel as it were with the sight. At last we can walk into the world of Klee and have some understanding of his myth.

I think "myth" is the diacritical word. Take an artist in the Renaissance tradition: Augustus John or Duncan Grant. What mythology is behind and in his paintings? None at all; or a mythology of a few dry leaves inherited in November from a tree which is never going to have another green April. Such pictures may exhibit "sensibility," than which in a pure state nothing is more inchoately dull. They may exhibit what the Bloomsbury Apologist has called "significant form," but what does it signify? Only a flat, bordered surface, a mirror which images dull self in dull terms of the naturalistic conventions. Such art is rhetorical or gramophone art. T. S. Eliot has just said of Matthew Arnold: "he was apt to think of the greatness of poetry rather than its genuineness"; and with its priggishness and power diluted, it is that or a not dissimilar approach (in spite of the conquest of theme by form), which is made towards their creation still by too many admired artists and poets. Genuine value for our time implies, in my view at least, some mythology, some body of "fictions" or imaginative realities, to which sensibility, observation, technique will act as tailors. Mythological artists of various stature are Blake (whom Klee at one time studied), Christopher Smart and Lewis Carroll. These were makers of personal myth in the humanist absence of that common mythology available to early and to primitive poets and artists. Surrealism is myth-making by the individual, and Klee in this, though not the political, meaning is a surrealist. From surreality he draws his mythological population. As a whale swallows diatoms, so Klee's huge, refined perception, his "sensibility," swallows every live item of experience, stores it in his preconscious as the material for making and adorning myth. His mythology is infinitely varied and yet of the same kind. It is a Klee fairyland of strange creatures and creature forms in exquisite

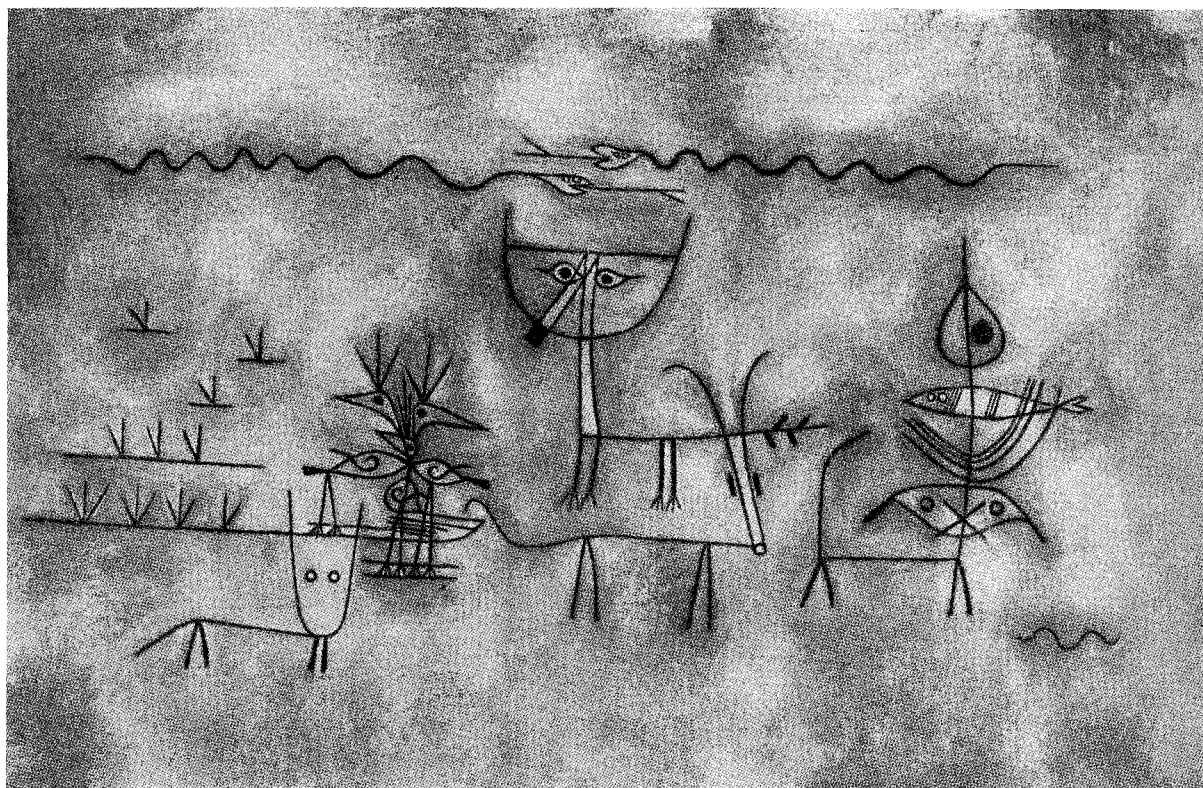
PAUL KLEE

calligraphy. The picture reproduced with this article exemplifies the more charming if not most deep fantasy of this strange artist. His strange birds, his strange animals and fishes—strange they may be, but their strangeness convinces the onlooker by its simple truth. One does not relate the animals of this Zoo to Regent's Park or Whipsnade. One relates them to each other, to their community. They are Klee animals. They belong to the Klee mythology, like his thick arrows which move this way and that in his paintings, his letters R or C, his boats, his houses, his dark green and blue flowers born in the night, his hurrying spirits, his machinery (as in the famous "Twittering Machine," in which the birds and their machine are equally and indirectly Paul Klee), like anything made by one of his "active" lines, "which of its own volition sets out for a walk for its own sake and without aim," which gathers "accompanying forms" and "writes around itself."

Klee's "without aim" probably exaggerates. Klee is no pure surrealist. His pen or brush is not allowed all the time to be automatic. The point moves itself, tracing out forms and harmonies born of a preconscious as rich and full of colour and strange lights as a dragon-guarded treasure, but it is inclined or turned constantly by the intellect of the intellectual child, Paul Klee. His work harmonises intellect and imagination, though there is no chance of doubting which has the more power.

I have used the word "calligraphy"; and it is draughtsmanship, this walking out of an active line, this "beautiful handwriting" on which Klee's practice is founded and which most directly proves its quality. Calligraphy, it seems to me, is the type of Northern pre-Renaissance draughtsmanship. Viking art is calligraphic; and Klee's drawing often resembles very closely the runic writing which was eventually driven from the North by the less hieratic and less beautiful Roman alphabet. Danish runestones are often objects of great beauty; and several times Klee has painted a picture (such as the "Page from the Book of Cities" at the Mayor Gallery) which consists almost of runic staves. In his paintings one may detect this and that influence or at least resemblance—the art of Esquimaux, the art of North American Indians, the non-naturalistic, "debased" cave-drawings, the drawings on early Greek vases; one may detect Byzantine, Coptic, Baroque influences; influences of Goya, Blake, Ensor, Beardsley; of Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse (in his colour); of negro sculpture, of his friend Kandinsky;

by Geoffrey Grigson



"Zoo." By Paul Klee. 1928 (Oil)

but at the back of everything is Klee ; and at the back of Klee his Northern calligraphy. He is full of joy often ; but he still belongs to the North. He is mysterious ; he can be deadly and cruel. He can produce such fascinating but grim paintings in sombre, full colours as the "Mask of the Red Jew" or the "Female Dwarf" which, like his calligraphy, sign him as an artist of that part of Europe responsible for such a variety as Rembrandt, Dürer, Bosch, Northumbrian crosses, the Sagas and the Edda, Grimm's fairy tales, Blake, Henry Moore and Wystan Auden. In fact he is what the clever may call a literary artist ; and that theme-quality in him makes much of Klee's value for us. A poem is its words. A painting is those things which physically compose it ; yet the formal, organic nature of works of art is probably being too much exalted. "A Lying Woman" by Picasso (forgetting our little Duncan Grants or even our good Matthew Smiths) would be a

woman on her side or her back : "A Lying Woman" by Klee would probably be a woman telling lies. It would be partly a theme picture, but none the less, in fact all the more, a picture.

Klee may not be the greatest, but he is one of the most genuine of contemporary painters. He may in part be of "the mincemeat, the mystic German beefsteak, chopped from cubism and futurism," but what he expresses is a very complete and not a part-suppressed experience. He gives us not delight only, not only the consequences of an assured and perfected technique. He gives us a mythology, an enlivening world, a creation ; he is modern and witty, but he is an artist not in the Renaissance, but in the pre-Renaissance, primitive tradition ; and he proves by his exquisite tact that theme and form can be combined in a way abstracted far enough from irrelevance.

Brief Chronicles : Music

For me the two outstanding events of the last few weeks have been both orchestral : first a performance of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting and Mr. Tertis playing the viola part ; secondly Bela Bartók's new Piano Concerto, played by the composer. The Berlioz was one of the most perfect performances of any music I have ever heard. It would be inadequate to say that conductor, orchestra and soloist fitted together without a flaw : they *grew* together, and the music grew out of them. I had the same feeling of utter appositeness that came from hearing "Leonora" No. 3, conducted by Schalk, loom out of the darkness between two scenes of Beethoven's "Fidelio," wonderfully loosening all tension as the incomparable Vienna strings suddenly swept aloft after the trumpet fanfare, and exalting the heart to a heightened preparedness for the ensuing movement on the stage. Not of course that Berlioz has any connection with "Fidelio"—it is simply that this particular performance of "Harold in Italy" was a perfect moment in time, and so was the "Leonora" Overture.

At this concert the Queen's Hall was unusually poorly filled for a Philharmonic concert, and from this fact one is forced to deduce several others : first that Berlioz has still to wait for proper recognition in England ; second, that it is not altogether Sir Thomas Beecham's superb

BARTÓK and BLISS

by Edward Crankshaw

artistry which draws the crowds, but largely fashion and star soloists ; third, that Mr. Tertis is not regarded by the British musical public as the first-class artist he actually is. All distressing facts.

Of course the solo viola in "Harold" is not allowed to behave as solo instruments usually do. There are no flourishes, and in the last movement the soloist should be provided with a chair to rest on until his turn arrives ; but Mr. Tertis, when he was at work, played so splendidly, with such rare purity of tone and with an artistry which made

him always completely at one with the composer, that in any really musical city he would have the populace at his feet. His playing,

to give but a single example, of the seemingly unceasing ghostlike arpeggios in the fourth movement was uncanny in its subtlety. As for Berlioz, one still incredibly hears the old moronic complaints as to his lack of thematic invention, his incapacity to write strong tunes ; and the only thing to do in face of this sort of thing is to pray, with little hope, that one day people and music critics will learn to look at a man for what he is instead of for what he might be.

This has not been the only Berlioz. Weingartner, on a rejuvenated B.B.C. Orchestra, gave a fine performance of the "Symphonie Fantastique" which only required rather more devil to turn it into a classic performance, like the



Bela Bartók

"St. Antony Variations" of Brahms which preceded it. Sir Hamilton Harty, on the London Symphony Orchestra, did admirably with "Romeo's Revery and Capulet's Fête," and the Dead March for "Hamlet." This programme incidentally also included a Haydn Symphony and Elgar's A Flat Symphony: there was something for everyone, yet nobody went. Sir Hamilton Harty, however one may criticise him in detail, is one of the first conductors in the land, and London should be pleased to have got him out of Manchester. London however lives up to its incomparable reputation for musical barbarism, and quietly sits by the fire on Mondays. There was no soloist at this concert, which made matters worse. Would there had not been one at Weingartner's concert, which had its back broken by a drawing-room performance of Beethoven's Second Concerto, with Mr. Harold Samuel in the chair.

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the B.B.C. orchestra, which had already been gingered up by Weingartner, provided a long and deliciously mixed programme which included Mozart's No. 34 Symphony. This provided a convenient means of comparing the London Philharmonic with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. There was a sad difference between the quality of playing in the Philharmonic's performance of the "Jupiter" and this. The B.B.C. Orchestra, for all its splendid material, is still far too heavy-footed, and the strings go rough as soon as they are required to be at once loud and rapid; the wood-wind too have not yet learned to play a flawless chord together.

Sir Thomas Beecham's other feat was Beethoven's "Erioca" on his own orchestra. There were a number of dissentient voices to be heard, but it seemed to me to be, so to speak, a definitive performance, to establish, as they say of judges, a ruling.

Bartók's new concerto strengthens one's regard for him. This is what is commonly called abstract music, where the enjoyment is not the enjoyment of sensuous sound, where the notes and chords and phrases are not to be loved for themselves, but are thought-symbols made living by a complex movement of aspiring rhythm. Form and content are one. The programme note said something about Bartók's essential classicism which, so far as this particular work is concerned, is utter nonsense. The whole thing seems to be inspired by subjective feeling of a singular intensity, and Bartók in this music is surely a self-disciplined romantic (in plain English half classic and half romantic, there being no such thing as pure classicism and pure romanticism in creative art, although one dare not say so),

who instead of letting his personal feelings run to seed, can build up broad generalisations upon them, as Beethoven did. This music, in fact, has a great deal that is fundamentally in common with Beethoven's maturest productions.

It should be carefully noted that I am *not* calling Bartók a second Beethoven!

Following the Concerto came a sound performance of Bliss's "Morning Heroes," which was marred only by the ineffectiveness of Mr. Ion Swinley as the narrator. "Morning Heroes" is perhaps the greatest, and certainly the bravest work produced by any English composer now under the age of seventy, with the exception of Delius. By no means all of it comes off in detail, but when it is all over, in that suspended moment between the final close and realisation of one's mundane environment when one sees the music whole, one feels that the experience has been genuine. I do think however that, before he dies, Mr. Bliss should provide detailed instructions for the narrator; should, if he can, draw up a scheme for the speaking part in musical notation, as Schönberg did in "Pierrot Lunaire." As it is the average actor can only too easily play havoc with it. I feel too that Mr. Bliss threw away a great opportunity when he gave Walt Whitman's "Drum Taps" to the choir. Surely it would have been still more dramatic spoken in a hard, insistent staccato against a changing orchestral accompaniment?

At one of the B.B.C. Chamber Music concerts there was more Bliss, this time brand new, when Solomon and Mr. Tertis collaborated in a viola sonata. This did not seem quite so successful as the recent clarinet quintet; the music was not as rich in ideas as it might have been. But this may have been due to the composer's difficulty in thinking fluently and spontaneously in terms of a somewhat awkward instrument. It was always interesting however, always strong and sometimes wholly satisfying.

The pianists of the month have included Edwin Fischer, Serkin, Horowitz, Orloff and a new Hoffmann, who at the Grotrian Hall added another name to the by no means extensive list of first-rate pianists. He is young yet, but he played with a grip, an imaginative vision, an intellectual finish and a technical mastery which was stimulating to hear. I unfortunately had to miss Edwin Fischer's recital, but it may be stated, since it seems to be very little realised, that he belongs to the first half-dozen living pianists. To this it is only fair to add that, as I see it, the first half-dozen includes neither Horowitz nor Rachmaninoff nor Paderewski.

For the future we have Schnabel. His name seems to dominate the whole of February. He will play both the Brahms concertos, one with the Philharmonic, one with the B.B.C.; three Mozart concertos at a Courtauld-Sargent concert, and chamber music with the Pro Arte Quartet at one of the Van Wyck Tuesday concerts. Not a single one should be missed.

Finally there is a personal matter. It has to do with a recantation, a *volte face*, as they say of politicians. Jean Sibelius was proclaimed in my November article as one of the elect, and he may ultimately prove so, but I personally no longer believe that he will. That panegyric was written on the crest of an enthusiastic wave, after two years of hesitation. But even before the article was published the crest had begun to curl over and break up. Sir Thomas Beecham's performance of "Tapiola," and Bartók's performance of his own piano concerto, did the rest. And in a mild criticism of my attitude in the *New Statesman* (which came at a most embarrassing moment), Mr. W. J. Turner crystallised my vague feelings into words, with an immensely suggestive phrase about "monotonous twangings on the harps of Ossian."

Mr. Turner went on to say that Sibelius was really neo-Grieg, and to compare contemporary enthusiasms for him with past enthusiasm for Sterndale Bennett. I part company with him there, for both declarations are over-statements, and the second one an absurd over-statement. Sibelius is a great composer at his best, and nearly always an intensely interesting one; but I went too far in that November article. There will be more about him later.

Brief Chronicles : Films

Every year at this season we turn a hopeful look towards the film future. What are the weather signs at Hollywood, Elstree and Shepherd's Bush? What news of stars rising and falling? No honest forecast for 1934 can be very exciting. "Continuing unsettled. Dull at times, with bright intervals. Further outlook—none issued." That is about all one can say, for the talkies have lost their novelty appeal, and the task of finding enough passable talkie stories is becoming more and more difficult. Another trouble for producers is that audiences nowadays are more critical; dialogue keeps them awake, prevents them from sinking back into those hypnotised reveries which used to be so readily induced by the glitter of silent pictures in the soothing darkness.

But talkies have helped the producer in one way: he can at least turn his stories into "musicals," introducing a song and dance, or a crooning number or a chorus evolution, whenever interest slackens. Consider for instance "College Humour," a Paramount release for the opening week of the year. This strange production relies largely on the popularity of Bing Crosby, celebrated crooning broadcaster, who teaches the co-eds to sing when he is supposed to be lecturing to them as Professor of English. Devoted admirers of Mr. Crosby will find this satisfactory; but others will wonder what it is all about. Are the patriotic college sentiments, and Jack Oakie's wise-cracks, and the football adventures meant to be taken seriously, or are they part of a burlesque? And the be vies of young ladies who chase Mr. Crosby? It is not good enough as burlesque, and stupefyingly inconsequent if it is meant to be anything else.

"Gold Digger of 1933" (First National) is more coherent but not very original—one of those lavish back-stage musical shows living chiefly on its displays of girl-drill. There are some clever settings and camera effects; altogether good value for money if you do not

MARLENE DIETRICH and IVOR NOVELLO

by Charles Davy

of American farm life directed by King Vidor. It is about an old farmer surrounded by avaricious relatives, and the granddaughter who comes to live with him. She

wins the old man's affection but falls hopelessly in love herself with a neighbouring farmer, who is married. The emotional stresses of the story are worked out against a finely-handled background of rural life; and although this film is not for those who want fast action and up-to-date smartness, it has strong claims to rank as the best of the month.

Otherwise during this week there is not much to recommend. "It's a Boy" (Gaumont), with Leslie Henson, and "Up to the Neck" (United Artists) are British theatrical farces sure of their public. "The Song You Gave Me" (British International) is built round Bébé Daniels, brought over from Hollywood for the occasion. It has some music that may be popular, and a few mildly diverting situations, but an aged and wobbly plot. There is good acting by Ann Harding in "Double Harness" (Radio), and by Helen Hayes in "Another Language" (M.G.M.), but both these American domestic comedy-dramas are hampered by too much talk.

Much more lively is "Mayor of Hell" (Warner), in which James Cagney starts as a tough young politician and ends as the good angel of a boys' reformatory. There are points about this picture; it tackles a real social problem and it has some graphic scenes, but the sentiment behind it all is muddled, and its propaganda, though sound in purpose, would be more effective if it were less melodramatically conceived.

So we reach the closing week of the month, and with it the appearance of Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs" (Paramount), directed by Rouben Mamoulian. A promising combination—but again the story, adapted from Sudermann's novel, "Das hohe Lied," is trite and unconvincing. Marlene is a German peasant girl who falls in love with a young sculptor who cannot afford to marry her. After he has left her she marries a fleshly baron, who takes her to his castle and tries to teach her parlour tricks. After a while she runs away, and is eventually found by the sculptor singing lewd songs in a café.

Hollywood always insists that Marlene shall portray this kind of woman—a "good woman" who turns into a "bad woman" while retaining her heart of gold. Credible plots that will allow her to fulfil these conditions are scarce, and in America she has never had so good an acting opportunity as she had in "The Blue Angel." In "Song of Songs" she is very appealing to look at, as usual, and at times she acts with a sensitive skill, but the film has a faded air which its excellent photography cannot do much to brighten. The most effective performance is Lionel Atwill's as the baron—a vigorous and lifelike piece of work.

Finally, among the other releases during this closing week, there is merit in "I Lived With You"—a Twickenham production featuring Ivor Novello in a fairly literal rendering of his own play about an exiled young Russian prince who goes to live in a suburban household, with disturbing results. The character of the prince is rather preposterous, and the foibles of suburbia are exaggerated, sometimes crudely. But many of the scenes are cleverly devised and equipped with neat dialogue; and Ursula Jeans, as one of the daughters of the household—who of course both fall in love with the prince—has a part that suits her exactly.

She has to suggest the conflict between an English girl's awkwardly immature emotions and her self-respect; and she does it so well, with such admirable restraint, that the chief acting honours of the month should perhaps be hers.



Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs" (Paramount)

Anthony Armstrong about the encounter of an American film company with the British Army. Walter Forde directed it, and he has made the most of the comedy situations. The cast includes Cyril Maude, James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood. During the same week there are some exciting moments to be had from "Captured" (Warner)—a skillfully contrived German prison-camp drama, featuring Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks junior and Paul Lukas; but the story takes a lot of swallowing.

The following week brings Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins, in "The Stranger's Return" (M.G.M.)—a tale

Brief Chronicles : Broadcasting

Undoubtedly music is the mainstay of broadcasting. I do not know exactly what proportion it occupies of the B.B.C.'s programmes, but I should think eighty per cent. is not too high an estimate. And by "music" of course I mean the whole range of musical entertainment from jazz to symphony, Ketelby to Anton von Webern. One would therefore expect (or at least hope) to find the Music Department of the B.B.C. the most powerful of all the Programmes Departments. One would also expect to find that this Department, after ten or more years of steady development, had framed a policy so impregnable that it was able to present a solid front to all criticism. Powerful the Department certainly is,¹ but I am not so sure about the impregnability of its policy.

I know that it makes few concessions to the criticism that is continually (and inevitably) levelled at it, but it is difficult to feel quite convinced that this attitude is entirely due to strength of undeviating purpose. Sometimes the unkind thought will suggest itself that the B.B.C. Music Department's apparent unanimity in the matter of policy is in reality only a kind of autocratic intolerance. If this is a wrong assumption I feel that the B.B.C. is itself largely to blame; it has never yet, to my knowledge, issued a detailed and authoritative statement of its musical policy. (I know that the *Radio Times* has published a series of "internal" musical articles, but they were more in the nature of answers to criticism than direct avowals of policy.) And until that policy is publicly declared, criticism of broadcast music is bound to work mainly in the dark, and the B.B.C. must continue to expect a certain suspicion of the integrity of its musical policy.

Take for instance the question of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. With courage and considerable insight the Corporation gathered together some of the best orchestral players in the country (thereby incurring no small resentment on the part of other musical bodies) and founded an orchestra of almost infinite possibilities. The financial outlay was such as only the B.B.C. could have faced, but in the end it was generally agreed that the outlay was amply justified in view of the importance of broadcast music. It looked as if in a few years' time England would be in possession of an orchestra equal to, and possibly better than any of the famed orchestras of the world. And what actually has happened? Listeners who heard the Symphony Concert broadcast from the Queen's Hall on December 6th will be able to supply an answer only too well. The orchestra sounded tired; and, what was far worse, it sounded sullenly unresponsive. There was no unanimity in the playing; the horns had lost their sureness; the strings seemed to have forgotten completely what it is to play as one man. Sibelius's Fourth Symphony was given as poor a performance as I ever hope to hear. Much of the blame no doubt was due to Sir Henry Wood himself. I have the greatest admiration for the work he has done for this country in the past. I believe he has been a power for great good. But it seems as if the magic has gone out of his conducting now; he lacks subtlety, authority, compelling genius.

The most blame however is with the B.B.C. It has failed most extraordinarily to realise that it is one thing to be in a position to gather together the material for a great orchestra, and quite another thing altogether to produce from that orchestra a magnificent ensemble. Fine players do not necessarily make a fine orchestra. In other words, an orchestra is a body of men and it needs the discipline of authority.

It has been said against the B.B.C. that it has tired its orchestra out; I am not so convinced as I was that this is the real cause of the trouble. Critics have maintained that, while the B.B.C. continues to use its orchestra with the reckless prodigality of a commercial enterprise, it cannot expect fine results. But I believe the trouble is

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA?

by C. Henry Warren

worse than overtiredness. And such a performance as that of December 6th convinces me in my belief. Some of the performances we have heard in the past, under notable conductors, are ample proof that the orchestra can play superbly when it is properly handled. What would seem to be needed therefore is a more iron policy in the matter of choice of conductors. The list of this winter's symphony concerts and principal studio concerts is strangely lacking in the names of those conductors of proven worth from whom we know beforehand that we shall be given the best possible performances. Without these conductors how is the orchestra to achieve that fine ensemble of which it is undoubtedly capable, and without which it will never be able to live up to expectations? Why is it that those foreign conductors, who in the past have produced remarkable results from the orchestra, are now being given a bare minimum of concerts? Can it be that in this, of all directions, that the B.B.C. has allowed itself to be bullied into an unwise economy in answer to short-sighted criticism?

Or is it that the B.B.C.'s Music Department's policy is lacking in necessary firmness and oneness of purpose?

That is the mystery. In other branches of its policy the Music Department is obviously quite deaf to any bullying threats. I am thinking particularly of its continual championing of the Vienna school of modern music. In defiance of the loudest complaints it continues to broadcast this most individualistic brand of musical entertainment. It is certain that not one in a thousand listeners really wants to hear the latest examples of Schönberg's music, or Krenek's, or Webern's, but this does not prevent the Music Department from including it regularly in their programmes. Often too, as in the case of the recent performance of Schönberg's "Pierre Lunaire," there are so few people in the world capable of giving a satisfactory performance of the work, that artists have to be brought over here, at considerable expense, especially to do it justice. It happens that I am among those who are glad that these things should be. I believe that the B.B.C. should be immune from criticism in the matter of broadcasting whatever music it considers good. But I confess that I do find it difficult to understand why it should be more obstinate in this matter than it is, let us say, in the obviously more widely important matter of the proper care of its first-class orchestra. I cannot see why it should be strong in the relatively minor consideration of modern Viennese music when it is weak in the clearly major consideration of a good orchestra. Surely I cannot be blamed, therefore, if I make the inference that there is some person or persons within the Music Department of the B.B.C. who believes wholeheartedly in the infallibility of the Viennese school, and who has the power and personality and determination to impose that preference upon his fellow-workers.

The only alternative I can see is that the whole of the Music Department believes equally wholeheartedly in this music. And that is clearly an untenable alternative, since then we should not find so much of the rest of the music programmes permeated by what I can only call the misguided spirit of Musical Appreciation. For if anything is certain, it is that Musical Appreciation and all that it implies is directly antagonistic to the canons of music as expressed in the words and works of the Vienna school. If the B.B.C. truly believes that this group of composers really holds the key to the music of to-morrow (as its tenacity to Schönberg etc. would surely imply), then it surely cannot also believe that initiation is unnecessary to the proper enjoyment of music. I agree that the broadcast music policy should be framed along lines that will admit of the inclusion of all sorts of music in the programmes (the best of every kind), but I cannot agree that that policy should also admit the inclusion of all sorts of attitudes to music.

Brief Chronicles : Theatre

There is no real reason why I should write about the London stage in preference to the Paris stage or the Berlin stage or Niji-Novgorod stage; the large majority of the readers of dramatic criticism have no intention of visiting the theatre in London or anywhere else; while of the remnant of the literate population which is left, one portion lives in the provinces and can seldom see a play of any sort unless it is filmed; another part goes to the theatre with the same deliberation and care as it takes in attending family funerals, books its seats months ahead, and dares essay nothing more intelligent than a musical comedy; while the last remaining part simply cannot afford the prices of the seats.

Things are very different with my colleagues. Mr. Crankshaw deals with a great deal of music which half the population can turn a knob and listen to; provided you are not of an irritable temperament and have your dinner at the right time, you are certain to have heard what Mr. Warren has heard; and as for Mr. Davy, you have only to clap on your hat and walk round the corner to see whether he was right or wrong. And the result is instructive. Few people outside Broadcasting House contrive to beat up any great enthusiasm for British music; on the contrary, they vigorously protest when they are invited to listen to three solid hours of it. Broadcasting as we know it is certainly peculiarly British, but I doubt that it is a national virtue of the sort one hands down to one's offspring with a glow of patriotic pride; and as for Mr. Davy's department, the proletariat of this country has no illusions about this country's ability to lead the world, and the whole majesty of Parliament and the Law had to be invoked before it could be dragged into seeing a British film.

It would be greatly to the benefit of the theatre in this country, if some patriotically minded member of the Government could be prevailed upon to pass a Quota Act making the regular performance of a fixed quantity of British Drama compulsory at any place of public entertainment. I am convinced that within three months of the receipt of the Royal Assent, the Act will have made the English people such a determinedly theatre-loving and theatre-going public that half the managers in London will be calling for police protection to preserve them from being lynched in the foyers of their own theatres by a frenzied mob of patrons.

In the first place, the mainstay of the English theatre—the society play—would be laughed off the stage by hilarious audiences of boxing enthusiasts and cinema-goers who have not yet grown accustomed to the ways of polite society; after the third young lady with nice manners and a Paris gown had walked on the stage and called for a cocktail, I suspect that the people in the Ring at Blackfriars would begin to throw the chairs; while what the film-goers at the Elephant and Castle would say about one of Mr. van Druten's intimate studies of the more mentionable vices of the bourgeoisie, I cannot bring myself to think; especially when I remember that the proprietor of the local cinema has booked no films for a certain week in the New Year, because none of them comes up to the standard demanded by his patrons. What theatre in London can boast of an audience too discriminating to sit through any of the products of the entertainment experts of three continents?

For the first time in history, the English people would realise that they had on their library shelves the finest plays of any time or country in the world, most of which have never been performed since their first run of a few nights at the Drury Lane, while Charles II or James II or William was on the throne. Audiences up and down the country would revel in the altogether devastating way in which the Restoration dramatists looked at their times and the people in them, and would begin to realise that some English dramatists were intelligent enough to think, and brave enough to say what they thought upon the stage.

THE THEATRE— LIVING OR DEAD

by Aubrey Menon

They would also begin to realise what bombastic fools the Elizabethans were, and that iambic pentameters are probably the silliest theatrical convention in history (not excepting rhymed verse), being practically unusable for anything but emotional outbursts or platitudinous moralising. They would probably agree with me that the Old Vic should be closed, and Miss Lilian Bayliss handsomely compensated and invited to run a National Theatre, which would have its choice of plays suggested by men and women who go up and down the world using their brains.

Finally I think they would send a deputation to Mayerhold in Moscow, or Piscator (who was) in Germany, and invite him to come over and administer the Act. These gentlemen have for years been running the only sort of theatre which can be called National, and producing the only sort of plays which have the slightest hope of pleasing reasonably intelligent people. These are the plays of biting social comment; political and propagandist plays about topics of the moment; plays which are as vivid as the morning paper, often quite as irritating, but always as vital; plays such as "Petroleum," which they did recently in Leningrad, and which had for its plot "the necessity

for the public spending its money on scientific research in order to make rubber from petroleum"; which compares favourably with the plot of, say, "The Tudor Wench": "necessity for a young woman having a lover in order to satisfy her primal impulses which, strikingly enough, she possesses although she is the daughter of Henry the Eighth." And, for London, I found "The Tudor Wench" exceptionally intelligent. But I for one am more interested in the production of rubber and the maintenance of scientific research than in the love-life of Queen Elizabeth, and I am deeply concerned for the moral welfare of people who are not.

Piscator (of whom there is a long discussion in Number Five of the Bulletins of the International Revolutionary Theatre, apparently shares my concern, for in recent years he has philanthropically attempted to raise the minds of the Berlin theatre-goers from such topics to those of militarism, political careerism, inflation and fascism. I give the subjects of his productions in the order of performance, and anyone with a superficial knowledge of German history could fix their dates without any further information. By comparison, it is quite impossible to know from a subject list of British plays whether they were done in the reign of James I or of George V, and there rarely appears to be any adequate reason for their being done in either.

I fully appreciate that plays such as Piscator does are not in the tradition of the English stage. But neither is electric lighting, or the revolving stage, or the cyclorama, or entirely literate audiences, or a world economic collapse; in fact, nothing which makes the modern theatre something belonging to the present time and to present-day audiences. It is therefore my intention in these articles to chronicle the work of the contemporary theatre wherever I can find it. To-day it is in the badly printed, badly written, badly illustrated magazine of the revolutionary theatres, with its stories of theatres failing and being closed by the police and proscribed by governments because the plays performed in them were plays about the things which people live by and die for, and which governments have not yet learned how to handle properly. To-morrow it is likely to be in some tiny theatre in the London suburbs or in the improvised auditorium of a trade union hall. Wherever it is, not one of the playwrights, I sincerely trust, will do his job quite so badly as William Shakespeare (or whoever wrote it) in his "Henry VIII." May I suggest to Mr. Tyrone Guthrie that if he cannot see something excruciatingly funny in Queen Elizabeth at the age of twenty minutes being handed up a flight of steps on a silver salver, while a courtier orates in the manner of a schoolmaster on Empire Day, he had better take a long Christmas holiday, say, in Moscow!

WHITHER GERMANY?

by Hamilton Fyfe

Nazi Germany Explained

By Vernon Bartlett. 5s. (Gollancz.)

Why Nazi?

7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Prelude to Hitler

By B. T. Reynolds. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Rerum cognoscere causas—to understand why things happen—that must be the aim of all serious students both of history and current events. Without this aim we flounder in a morass of unrelated facts, in the shallows of misunderstood character. Following this thread through the labyrinth, we find our way, if not always to the centre, at all events to a point from which we can get a general idea of the direction in which our twists and turns have led us.

And if this is necessary for those who study politics, it is equally desirable that those who practise the art of government, whether as voters or as representatives, should dig below the surface of things and discover their roots. If for example the men who made the Treaty of Versailles had not been so lamentably ignorant of the causes of war, of economics, of national psychology, the world would not be in its present unhappy state. If it is not to be made worse, instead of better, by the Nazi madness in Germany, we must all do our best to understand what brought on the attack.

It may be said that calling it a madness is begging the question and taking sides against it. But when an individual becomes liable to delusions and fits, we do not condemn him by recognising that he is off his mental balance; we seek for the causes of that disturbance with a view to making him once more sane. So should nations behave towards each other when brain-storms are about and hysteria prevalent.

To us the notion of an "Aryan race," the persecution of Jews because they are not Aryans, the attempt to revive mediæval conditions of industry and to drive women back into the realm of *kinder, küche, kirche* (nursery, cookery and church), seem to be plain symptoms of intellectual derangement. But what if we contributed to the causes which have clouded the German mind? What if Hitlerism is the effect of despair, and that despair created by the French and by ourselves through our stupid unwillingness to let bygones be bygones and our dishonourable refusal to fulfil our written undertakings?

That Mr. Vernon Bartlett believes this to be an explanation of Nazi Germany will surprise nobody who listens to his B.B.C. talks. But in his very sensible and fair-minded little book he suggests others. The German character for instance, and the destruction of middle-class fortunes by the collapse of the mark, and the weak handling of the after-War situation by the Social Democrats. Certain phases of political life demand ruthlessness. Because the S.D.'s were moderate and anxious to be considered gentlemanly, they laid the way open for the N.S.'s. There was no religious fervour in Social Democracy, as there is in Hitlerism. As to the future of the man who inspired this feeling and the movement which is based on it, Mr. Bartlett wisely does not attempt prophecy, though he hints at the possibility of a self-sufficing Germany having to be content with "a high level of mediocrity." Already, he says, they show a surprising readiness to be satisfied with a low standard of living.

The German author of "Why Nazi?" cannot put his name to the book, since he not only explains National Socialism, but expresses dislike of several aspects of it. His explanation is lucid, unprejudiced either way, and very easy to follow. He sets out the reasons for Hitlerism in a moderate tone, without vindictiveness, which makes them all the more devastating. There is no doubt that he is right when he says:

"During the first few years after the War, the vast majority of Germans were eager for an international understanding. There was a strong reaction from the mood of the War. . . . If at that time Germany had been encouraged instead of humiliated by the Allies, and if the German Government had

been assured of the possibility of early relaxation of the unbearable burden of Reparations and other essentially unjust provisions, as soon as the Allies were satisfied with the *bona fides* of the new German regime, then a lasting settlement of European conflicts would have been possible, even within the framework of the Treaty of Versailles.

"The mood of Germany was pacifist and democratic. The natural revulsion from the miseries of war had given rise to a general sense of idealism in international relations. In particular an understanding with France was sincerely desired by huge masses of the people. An outstretched hand of friendship would have been eagerly clasped. And who can question that French security would have been stronger to-day as the result of an honourable settlement with Germany than it is now, with treaties unimpaired, but with Germany in revolt?"

Poincaré will be gibbeted in history as the most sinister of the influences that forbade a return to sanity, a reconstruction for the benefit of all Peoples. But British politicians must bear part of the blame. It is interesting to see how this was gradually borne in upon Major Reynolds, whose "Prelude to Hitler" is mostly about himself—and none the worse for that. His volume contains the unconscious self-revelation of a fairly typical British middle-class army officer. Until the end of the War he evidently was true to that type. Even now he thinks a millionaire is "useful" because he does his best to secure more millions by juggling with industry. But having lived among Germans, first as a member of the British control in the Rhineland and later as a mill manager (employed by the millionaire), he has learned to see that there is a great deal to be said for them. He is indeed in entire agreement with our German author as to the prime cause of present conditions in Germany. When the Hohenzollerns had been turned out and the experiment in parliamentary democracy started:

"The one thing essential to its ultimate success was sympathetic treatment from the outside world. If they had been accorded this—which they had every right to expect after the pronouncement of the Allied War aims, as set forth in Wilson's Fourteen Points, the Weimar regime might have been in office in Germany to-day, with every prospect of a long and useful life in front of it, in the service of the ideals that we had proclaimed and they had accepted."

Of all the outrages and humiliations inflicted on the Germans Poincaré's foolish invasion of the Ruhr in 1923 was the most bitterly resented, though the quartering of African troops in the Rhineland ran it close. Major Reynolds thinks the French, who do not feel the "colour bar," may not have meant this to be a deliberate insult. But that was how all Germans took it. I remember seeing in many parts of the country placards urging them not to forget *die schwartze Schande* (the black infamy). The Ruhr invasion left an even deeper mark. Coming on the top of other provocations—some small, such as the knocking off of hats from the heads of Germans who were not quick to salute foreign officers; others heavy, like the shooting of "men who were trying to defend their wives, sisters or daughters against assaults of French soldiers"—it made some such movement as Hitler's almost inevitable. Not quite inevitable, for if Stresemann had been more quickly and more completely successful in his efforts to get better relations with the French, the Germans might have turned Hitler down. After he had died—a disappointed man—the triumph of the Nazis came very soon.

It may be the Ruhr episode will be looked back on by future generations as one of the major stages in the disintegration of Europe. A "distinguished historian" from England who visited the regions under French occupation wrote to Major Reynolds: "I am not at all sure that the ultimate result of this will not be the collapse of European civilisation." It may be that the Nazis, who claim to be saving it, are really agents of destruction—without knowing what they do. They have no Plans like the Russians, nor is it certain that they have any cohesion, like that of the Soviet system, capable of carrying them through very difficult times. They comprise so many varied and even opposed interests:



THE LEADING BRITISH WRITING PAPER

*Please test with your
own Pen the delightful
surface in the vacant
space left here and
then kindly*

*turn
over*

A FEW POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT

WALDORF CLUB

1. First and foremost it is "ALL BRITISH."
2. It is produced in the Largest Fancy Stationery Factory in the World and under the most modern conditions both as regards machinery and the welfare of the personnel.
3. It is a paper suitable for typewriting and all classes of fountain and other pens.
4. The paper contains a large percentage of Esparto grass, an ingredient which makes British Notepaper sought after throughout the world.
5. The surface is smooth, offering neither resistance nor obstruction to the writer
6. It is AIR DRIED, a process eradicating all tendency of cracking, which, combined with the Esparto in its composition completely disposes of the greasy surface found in so many rag paper productions.
7. Particular attention is paid to the gumming of the Envelopes to ensure not only quick sealing but that the enclosure is not touched by the gum, and they are also absolutely opaque.
8. Every sheet is watermarked "WALDORF CLUB" or "NEWTON MILL."
9. The price is most reasonable and the cost of a complete letter of the larger sizes notepaper and envelopes is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
10. It is widely stocked by retailers which enables users to have a continuity of supplies to match their existing stocks.

WALDORF CLUB

The Writing Paper of Distinction.

Made in WHITE, SEA BLUE, COBALT BLUE, BRACKEN and other shades.

THE NOTEPAPER IS BOXED 5 QUIRES (120 sheets).
ENVELOPES TO MATCH ARE BOXED 100's.

CZARINA	SIZE	6 in. x 4½ in. Double Sheets	1/9 per Box.
POST OCTAVO	„	7 in. x 4½ in. „	2/- „
VISCOUNT	„	6½ in. x 5 in. „	2/3 „
IMPERIAL	„	7½ in. x 5½ in. „	2/6 „
6th AVENUE	„	9 in. x 6 in. Single Sheets	1/9 „
POST QUARTO	„	9 in. x 7 in. „	2/- „

ENVELOPES TO MATCH AT SAME PRICES.

EXCEPT. 6th Avenue Long Shape, 2/- per Box, and Court 8vo. Long Shape, 2/6 per Box.
(To take 6th Avenue Note folded in three.) (To take Post Quarto Note folded in three.)

WRITING PADS.

LARGE COUNTS.				SMALL COUNTS.			
			Each.				Each.
POST 4to.	9 x 7	100 Single Sheets,	2/-	POST 8vo.	7 x 4½	60 Single Sheets,	7½d.
POST 8vo.	7 x 4½	100 „	1/-	VISCOUNT	6½ x 5	60 „	7½d.
VISCOUNT	6½ x 5	100 „	1/-	IMPERIAL	7½ x 5½	40 „	7½d.
IMPERIAL	7½ x 5½	100 „	1/6	POST 4to.	9 x 7	50 „	1/-

CORRESPONDENCE CARDS IN EACH SHADE—Boxed 100's.

Court Size, 4½ x 3½ 1/9 per Box. Viscount Size, 5 x 3½, 2/- per Box. Imperial Size, 5½ x 3½, 2/6 per Box.

MANUFACTURED BY

Jacobsen, Welch & Company Limited,
At NEWTON MILL, HYDE, Cheshire.

TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED BY THE MAKERS.

A FREE SAMPLE PACKET with the name and
address of convenient retailers sent on application
to—JACOBSEN, WELCH & CO. Ltd.,
NEWTON MILL, HYDE, Cheshire.

POST QUARTO, 7in. x 9in. Sans Pl.

6th AVENUE, 6in. x 9in. Sans Pl.

IMPERIAL, 7½in. x 5½in. Double Sheets.

VISCOUNT, 6½in. x 5in. Double Sheets.

POST OCTAVO, 7in. x 4½in. Double Sheets.

CZARINA, 6in. x 4½in. Double Sheets.

SIZES OF WALDORF CLUB NOTEPAPERS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ex-soldiers who like the military note in the proceedings of the party; civil servants of the lower grades and tradesmen who lost all during the inflation; many workers who, holding socialist views, were disappointed with the weakness of the Social Democratic Party, and hoped that Hitler would fight their battles better than the 'Marxists' had done; large numbers of unemployed who would have joined any movement which promised an early and violent change, but who despised the communists for their allegiance to Soviet Russia; small peasants who were groaning under the weight of the agricultural crisis, and joined the movement because it promised to free them from the burden of interest payments."

The most enthusiastic are the young, especially the young unemployed. Major Reynolds thinks these supporters are drawn chiefly from the middle class. It is indeed a middle class movement, and that accounts for the readiness of the rich to support it. Whether Hitler could have won to power without the funds which the masters of industry gave him is doubtful.

"There is no doubt that the money and the influence which he derived from them were a source of great strength."

Thus the party which in its programme once demanded the abolition of unearned incomes, the nationalisation of all large industrial and financial firms, the breaking of "the tyranny of interest," and confiscation of land for settlements of small holders is dependent on capitalist support. If prosperity comes back, if work is found for

the unemployed, if everyone is busy and hopeful, few will notice the discrepancies between what Hitler promised to do and what he does. Still fewer will make a song about them. But already in some districts Nazis are singing:

"Give us bread
Or we go 'red'";

and though the Germans are fond of being disciplined (both authors say this is because of their romantic idealism and their feeling that it needs some counter-balance), though they have no attachment to liberty in the abstract, they will surely judge Hitler as they judged the Social Democrats—by results.

Major Reynolds's book is not quite what it pretends to be. It is in the main the story of an artillery officer who went into business and then took to writing. He certainly has a knack of catching and holding attention, but his general observations about German character are confused and worthless. He says they are all "extraordinarily thorough," whereas his account of the cloth mill shows that the people he had to do with were nothing of the kind. He says there were "no Germans" until 1871—only Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, and so on—yet he talks about "the old German civilisation" before the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648). Then he calls them "a young race"! However he has something to tell us and he tells it in a lively enough way.

Special Correspondent.

By A. R. Lindt. 10s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Manchukuo.

By Dr. James A. B. Scherer. \$1. (Hokuseido Press.)

JAPAN

The past year or so has seen a spate of books, good, bad and indifferent, about China, mostly from the pens of people who have spent half a lifetime, or more, in that fascinating but peculiarly topsy-turvy wonderland. In "Special Correspondent," on the other hand, we have for a change a book by someone who had never been there before, who spent only a few months in one part of the country—Manchuria—and then came home again. But in the three hundred pages of "Special Correspondent" is more of the real flesh and blood which help the reader to understand than may be found in the far weightier tomes of most of the experts.

Most of us have suspected for some time that there is trouble in Manchuria. We have read—in our easy chairs—of bandits, of massacres, of marchings and counter-marchings by Japanese and Chinese. We have had the dry bones of countless sordid stories of intrigue, murder and robbery. We have been told what the League ought to have done, why it ought not to have done it, how deep is the moral rectitude of the Japanese and how despicably profound is their turpitude and many of us are not altogether the wiser.

Mr. Lindt, as a Special Correspondent (of a Swiss newspaper), has not bothered his head with such things. He just tells us what he saw. Let it be added that he saw an eyeful—several eyeful. Through this very racy—almost too racy—spectacles we do not just read about bandits. We meet them. In the same way the Chinese patriot, General Ma, ceases to be a newspaper abstraction. His dry bones live.

Perhaps you have wondered what is that little something the Japanese have and the Chinese have not which has enabled the former, though far inferior in numbers and not superior in intellectual capacity, to gain and keep the upper hand in Manchuria. Read what Mr. Lindt says on page 60 about a certain young Japanese officer who told him stories of death preferred to military dishonour. Then turn to page 116 and hear the Chinese General "Yu" discourse on his countrymen's rules of war. While "victory by the manifestation of exceptional courage" is "not impossible," says "Yu," it is "highly

improbable." He goes on: "Then what is the use of putting to the test that which in the normal course of events is decided in advance?" Does anyone need to be

told now why the Japanese win—on the battle-field at any rate?

It would not be fair to steal all Mr. Lindt's thunder in a review. But there is one story of a certain General "Feng"—the name, like that of "Yu" is fictitious—which may be given as a sample of Mr. Lindt's happy knack of shedding light on character and point of view by means of a simple anecdote.

General Feng

"a giant of a man, with a fine bronzed head, came in. We exchanged cards—a gesture which in the East follows every introduction.

"The name which you see on this card," said the General, 'is my name as a soldier. It is not well known. But my name as a bandit is illustrious.'

Mr. Lindt, designedly or otherwise, leaves us with a feeling of unwilling admiration for the extraordinary competence of the Japanese and a sneaking affection for the unbelievably white knight-ishness of their adversaries. As a corrective to the former, if we feel we need one, we have only to turn to Dr. James Scherer's little brochure—"Manchukuo, A Bird's-Eye View."

Dr. Scherer, who is an American with a sentimental passion for Japan, went to Manchuria with (apparently) an infinite capacity for seeing everything *couleur de chrysanthemum*. You may learn from him, if you like, that in the "truly model town" of Mukden, 73,000 (presumably Japanese) electric lamps are used; that 3,200 cubic metres of gas are consumed daily and 30,000 cubic metres of "pure river water."

It is all, no doubt, very edifying. It is to be hoped however that Dr. Scherer's information about Manchuria is more reliable than it is about his own "home town" from which, as he tells us, there also hails that eminent tennis-player, Elliott [*sic*] Vines. One is further interested to see that Dr. Scherer has royally bestowed on Professor Gilbert Murray the honour of a knighthood.

It would be unfair perhaps to give the impression that Dr. Scherer's book is all like that. Easily the best thing in it is his account of a talk with Henry Pu-Yi and his premier, Cheng Su-k'an. It is true that it is not a picture with which everyone would agree. But it is obvious that Dr. Scherer himself in all sincerity believes it to be entirely accurate. We may leave it at that.

by Godfrey Lias

HISTORY UNDER REVISION

by Collin Brooks

The Milner Papers. Vol. II : South Africa—1899–1905.

Edited by Cecil Headlam. 30s. (Cassell.)

War Memories of David Lloyd George.

21s. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Some thirty years ago the reputation of Alfred Milner had sunk so low that an Under-Secretary, a youthful Mr. Churchill, stood boldly up in the Commons and refused to defend him. Mr. A. G. Gardner a little later spoke of Milner's career as being separated by twenty thousand British graves from any future hope. By 1919 Milner had re-established himself as one of the few authentically great men of the War years. To-day, with the publication of "The Milner Papers" to the end of his South African regime, the odium of the years between 1906 and 1916 seems particularly indefensible.

It was Milner who was generally accused of instigating the Boer War. The first volume of the Papers destroyed that particular charge. He was accused of being a man of machine-like, German brain, lacking in heart and imagination. These Papers now published destroy that charge in its turn.

The work which Milner did in restoring the new Colonies from the wrack of war to peace and prosperity, and in annealing the wounds of a people hurt by more than missiles, has been reviewed in volumes other than this, but here is the day-to-day story, illumined by the little unguarded comments which Milner sent to his friends, no less than by the official and personal dispatches which he sent to his colleagues of the Home Government. It is as arresting as anything in Tacitus.

To a generation accustomed to regard the years of the Great War as Britain's greatest monument to professional ineptitude, the chapters in this book which deal with the early days of the Boer War will come as a welcome solace to generational pride. The leaders of the Great War may have behaved like lunatics and homicidal maniacs, but Buller, on the testimony of those most capable of judging, behaved, with the most humane of motives, like a criminal lunatic. In the burly physique of a Devonshire squire he hid all the vacillations of the contemporary idea of Hamlet. His reputation for caring for his men was well earned, but he was penny wise and pound foolish with lives, saving a handful here by indecision to sacrifice many thousands elsewhere. Never was a great tragedy so woefully miscast, and never were producers so tender towards the feelings of failures.

Among the press of incompetents two men move with a serene efficiency—the veteran Roberts and the youthful Milner.

There is something strangely ironic in the picture of the harassed and overworked and maligned proconsul looking forward to a retirement to his books and a country house—"not too big"—and his friends—"not too many"—when one reads history backwards and sees Milner's strenuous end nearly twenty years after.

The book is full of the "ifs" of history—if Milner had relinquished his work for the new Colonies and taken the Colonial Office at home; if Milner had accepted the task of writing the official Life of Disraeli; if Rhodes had lived, and the good understanding between the two had been harnessed to the work of rehabilitation in South Africa;

if the blame for Chinese labour had not rested on Milner's shoulders, or if the truth of that distressing political episode had been made known a stage earlier than Mr. Churchill's ingenuous admission of a terminological inexactitude—the speculations are almost endless.

In Mr. Lloyd George's second volume we have not reached the period when Milner's personality became the complement of his own. That will follow presumably in the next volume. But Mr. Lloyd George ends this volume with a number of personal estimates of his other colleagues, many of whom began public life as Milner's political enemies, and ended it as his friendly and appreciative colleagues. Of Asquith he holds that by temperament and shape of mind the Liberal Premier should have been a judge:

"His massive and well-ordered intellect worked with the precision and directness of a perfect and powerful machine. But he waited until proposals were submitted to him. He never drove or initiated; he decided on schemes when they were placed before him. He never surveyed the needs of the country and devised means of supplying them in peace or war. He dealt with questions not as they arose but as they were presented to him. But there his judgment was beyond that of any political leader I ever met."

To Balfour there is a high tribute, not weakened by frank criticism:

"On many an occasion his vast and varied experience, coupled with a discerning and mature intellect, illumined counsel in dark days. During the War his unfailing courage steadied faltering spirits in hours of doubt and dread. There were times of weariness, many of depression, a few of genuine dismay during that terrible world conflict. When these occurred, I have seen men who were reckoned by their public to be inflexible show signs of bending—but never Mr. Balfour. He was not daunted at the worst moments. It was in council that he revealed his strength and weakness. . . . He saw both sides too clearly to be able to come readily to a conclusion. He gave the impression of a man who thought it really did not matter so much which of the two courses you took so long as you stuck to it afterwards. . . . His contributions in the War, and afterwards in the making of the peace, were of the highest order. In personal charm he was easily first among all the statesmen with whom I came into contact."

Of Carson he writes:

"As an exposé of shams, humbug and pretension Sir Edward Carson had no rival. But he had neither the natural gift nor the experience to make a good administrator. Even as a member of the Cabinet he had the fatal defect ingrained by centuries of habit in all men of his race—he was naturally opposed to every Government. Whether in or out of office he was always 'agin the Government.'"

There is an illuminating reminiscence of Bonar Law, who to all his companion's enthusiasms replied: "I don't care much for scenery," "I don't care much for music," "Women don't attract me," to which culminating negation, exasperatedly, Mr. Lloyd George replied: "Will you tell me what it is you do like?" The reply was: "I like bridge."

The two volumes of these War memories have drawn high appreciation from many quarters (mingled with some surprise) at their careful and full documentation. The lesson they seem to convey is how much men matter in the turning of events, but how little they can control event once it is turned and launched.

It is but fair to say that, as Milner emerges a more human figure than that of the popular legend from "The Milner Papers," so Mr. Lloyd George emerges a greater statesman and less of a wilful wizard from these Memories.

Darwin on the "Beagle"

by Geoffrey West

Charles Darwin's *Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle."*

Edited from the MS. by Nora Barlow. 2ls. (Cambridge University Press.)

Darwin's "*Voyage of the Beagle*" may scarcely deserve Sir Arthur Keith's tribute to it as "the best book of travel ever written"—its texture is hardly rich enough to warrant such supreme praise—but admittedly it takes a very high place among the nineteenth century productions of its kind. Yet the *Diary* from which the published work was written up—now edited by the author's granddaughter and printed for the first time—seems to me even more interesting, especially if, as is almost inevitable, the reader's interest is rather in Darwin himself, in his personality and his mental development, more than in, for its own sake, what he saw or did.

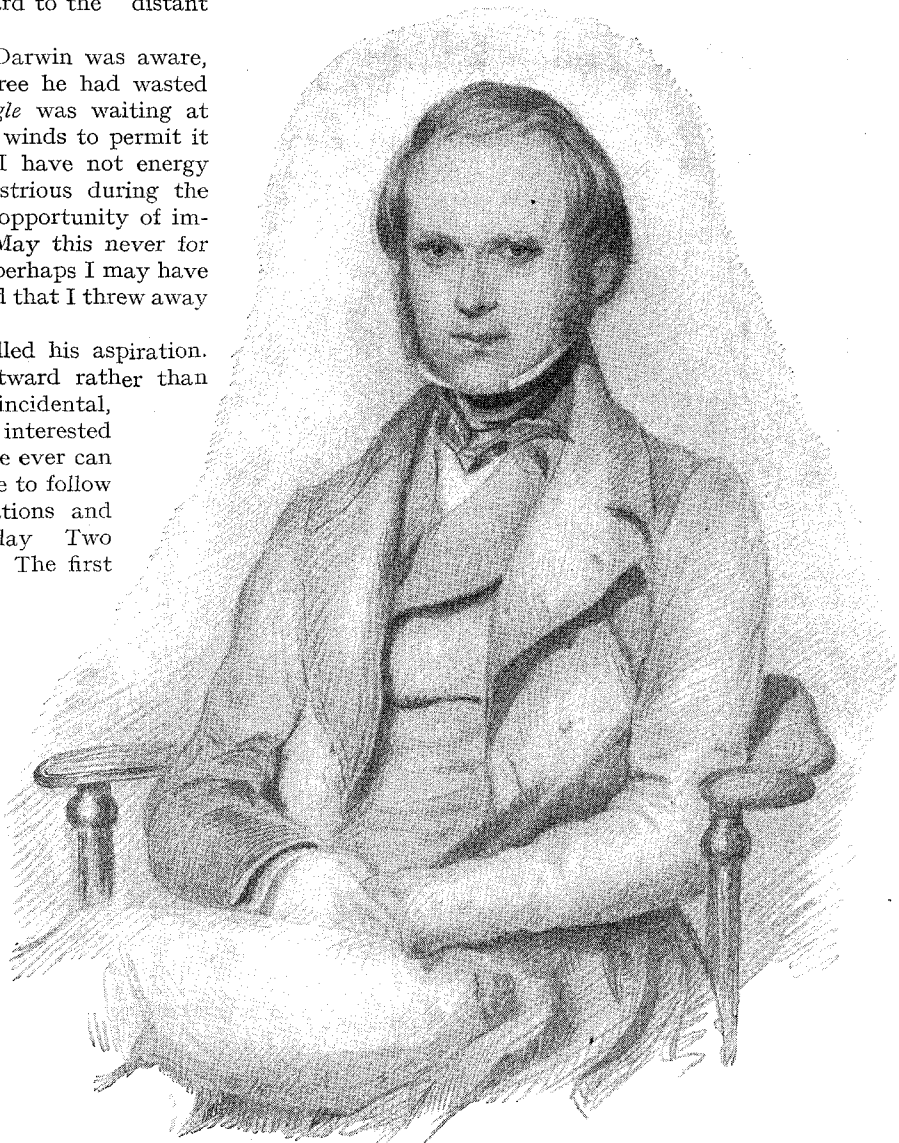
The *Beagle* voyage was something more—a good deal more—than the one great objective adventure of Darwin's otherwise outwardly rather static life. It was the very making of the author of "*The Origin of Species*," the sowing of the seed which bore that mighty fruit, and clearly the nearer we may approach to the man himself in his daily life and thought throughout this critical period, the better, the deeper is likely to be our understanding. But for the *Beagle* he might well, it seems, have grown up to become simply that idle sportsman his father so gravely feared to see him become. He would, one supposes, have accepted his presumed destiny and entered the Church. For though he had had "doubts" at Cambridge he had overcome them, and even while aboard the *Beagle* could, we learn from Mrs. Barlow, still look forward to the "distant prospect of a very quiet parsonage."

But the voyage changed all that. Darwin was aware, even before sailing, in what large degree he had wasted his Cambridge years. While the *Beagle* was waiting at Devonport for the cessation of adverse winds to permit it to sail, he wrote in his *Diary*: "If I have not energy enough to make myself steadily industrious during the voyage, how great and uncommon an opportunity of improving myself I shall throw away. May this never for one moment escape my mind, and then perhaps I may have the same opportunity of drilling my mind that I threw away whilst at Cambridge."

In these pages we see how he fulfilled his aspiration. Though like all his work it looks outward rather than inward—the subjective revelations are incidental, even accidental; Darwin simply is not interested in himself—we are here as closely as we ever can be on board the ship with the man; able to follow his moods, his interests, his observations and mental developments almost day by day. Two things perhaps are especially notable. The first and lesser is the degree of sheer boredom incurred. The earlier half of the voyage at sea, working up and down the east coast of South America; the first sight of tropical scenery; the first visit to Tierra del Fuego and the Falklands; expeditions inland and overland, often adventurously and sometimes in active danger—all this was a period of fresh, busy labours and interests, botanising, geologising and the like. But working up the west coast, and even during the subsequent almost circumnavigation of the globe, tedium and homesickness seemed more and more frequent. Continually he complains of sterility, repetition, weariness. He finds the descriptions of earlier travellers "extravagant"; he becomes "tired of repeating the epithets barren and sterile"; scenery is "the reverse of interesting"; he leaves the shores of Australia "without sorrow

or regret." The gaps in the record increase, the entries become more perfunctory and almost inevitably less interesting. He had perhaps had a bellyful of new sights—the rest of his life proves he had not a nature which seeks external change—but also it is clear that the labour and strain of the voyage, and the seasickness he never overcame, were telling upon him. They had in fact, of course, their permanent effect.

Even more interesting is it to watch in these pages the pure observer—as zoologist, botanist, geologist—turning theorist, arguing causes from effects, speculating concerning origins and the like. This was, he himself realised, an inevitable effect: "As a number of isolated facts soon becomes uninteresting, the habit of comparison leads to generalisation; on the other hand, as the traveller stays but a short space of time in each place, his description must generally consist of mere sketches instead of detailed observation. Hence arises, as I have found to my cost, a constant tendency to fill up the wide gaps of knowledge by inaccurate and superficial hypotheses." These words were written on his return; he had already the habit, or anyway the inclination, though it was not until in the next few years he was actually working over the material stored in his *Diary* and other *Beagle* records that he stumbled upon that profound if not totally accurate hypothesis which is associated with his name. He sailed an orthodox Christian cosmologist, and consciously at least he returned as such, though certainly some two or three passages appearing in these pages—but modified in the published "*Voyage*" in deference to his friend Captain Fitz-Roy's strong opinions—are difficult to fit to such a view.



Charles Darwin as a young man

From "*A Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*," by Charles Darwin (Cambridge University Press)

THE ENGLAND OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON

Johnson's England : An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age.

Edited by A. S. Turberville. 2 vols. 42s. (Oxford University Press.)

"Johnson's England" seems to me never to reach far beyond London. Of course there was Lichfield in the distance, and he once actually reached the Hebrides and France; but when I think of Johnson I think always of London, and particularly of that stretch of London from St. Paul's to Charing Cross. That was Johnson's England, and there I picture him, rolling down Fleet Street, off to "The Mitre" or, on solemn occasions, to St. Clement's Church. "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life," for London is life, the very centre of life, from the lowest to the highest, from the dirtiest to the noblest.

not dress well; his brown clothes were loose and dirty, his neckband unbuttoned, his wig awry and sometimes too small for his head, yet to us he represents more than any other man eighteenth century London. We forget the powdered ladies who, when they went to bed, covered all but their noses for fear of wrinkles; we forget the pomades, the powders, the lip-salves and perfumes, before that giant rolling down Fleet Street; we forget that in those days—as in ours—it was genteel to be bored, genteel never to finish a sentence or to listen to one; we think of the period as a period of common sense and great strength because the doctor blocks our view.

It is difficult to see Johnson against a setting of patches and curling-irons; how can we imagine his huge bulk, his enormous masculine laughter, in a lady's boudoir as



From the engraving by R. Earlom, after the painting by J. Zoffany

The Royal Academy of Arts, 1772

From "Johnson's England," Vol. II. Edited by A. S. Turberville (Oxford University Press)

That was even more true in Johnson's day than in ours, for now it is degenerating into purely a place of business; then, the poor people were jammed in tenements, sleeping three or four a bed, stifled and in the dark because miserly landlords wished to evade the window-tax; in the coffee-houses merchants met to bargain, to discuss trade; and to the shops, "the greatest shops in the world," fashion came in its sedans and its coaches.

A brilliant scene it must have been, particularly in the earlier part of the century when women wore such gaily coloured clothes. There was filth almost unimaginable underfoot, the kennels—gutters—in the centre of the streets were often rotten with refuse, and the country road towards London was strewn with dung-heaps; yet there were bright clothes, and life was swift and gay and brutal. Men gambled fortunes away in a night; they drank and ate enough to kill a modern man; they danced till past midnight; at two or three in the morning they had supper; or they flocked in such mobs to the playhouses that their clothes were torn to shreds in the crush.

And through this scene of poverty and gigantic wealth, through muck and the daintiest of dresses, the great doctor rolls down Fleet Street, "clucking like a hen." He did

she holds court while her hair is moulded and her body draped? how can we imagine him amongst the wits, or simpering in the Mall? No; Johnson's England stretches from St. Paul's to Charing Cross and no farther. There amongst the traffic, the rattling of wheels over cobbles, the singing of ballad-mongers, the bell-ringing of beggars and the horns of newsboys, there we can see him shouldering his way along, shouting, gesticulating or falling suddenly into one of those ghastly fits when legs and arms and head all shook with nervous palsy. Out of the traffic we can see him dive into that beloved walk of his—that long, tree-shaded court in or near the Temple. Even the other side of the period, the brutal side of thieves and highwaymen and the hangings every six weeks, does not fit into the painting with Johnson, despite Dr. Dodd's intrusion over the frame.

Therefore it seems to me that these two fine, scholarly, beautifully produced volumes are not Johnson's England. Of course here and there we find traces of his world—taverns, food, literature and religion—but the remainder, intensely interesting as it is, somehow does not belong to Johnson, although the things dealt with are those that he saw and handled, the people mentioned are people

by Philip Lindsay



Dr. Johnson

whom he met and spoke with. Only against the background of Fleet Street do I see him clearly—that ungainly, magnificent figure, one of the sanest and greatest of Englishmen. I feel that these two volumes might be divided between Fielding and Horace Walpole; it seems to be more their England than Johnson's.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Hugh Kingsmill. 10s. net. (Barker.)

So formidable has Boswell become as the dreadful bogymen lurking ready to pounce upon anyone who dares challenge his authority that any attempt at a re-estimation of the great Johnson implies a certain amount of courage. The influence of these stupendous volumes containing the Life has been so great that it has become impossible to-day to treat of Johnson without treating of his biographer as well; the one has become as important as the other. Fortunately Mr. Kingsmill is interested in the case of Boswell and some of his best passages concern the little head-hunting Scot, attempting to attach himself one after the other to Johnson, Paoli, Chatham, Voltaire, Rousseau and Wilkes, seeking to find in someone else the centre he could not find in himself. Viewed dispassionately Boswell still remains by far and away the most important witness to the life of a man who, honoured in his lifetime, was as a consequence unusually well supplied with them, and a sympathetic treatment of his biographer in place of the execration that is usually meted out to him to-day, is a great deal more useful in our proper appreciation of the doctor.

This sensitive and quietly written book is indicative of that element, more than respect, amounting almost to a spiritual nostalgia with which the sceptical, faithless twentieth century mind regards the eighteenth as manifested in one of her greatest sons.

As a philosopher it is doubtful whether Johnson was ever better appreciated than in his own lifetime; as a "character" he was appreciated by the Victorians—this roaring, bedraggled, grimacing mountain of a man—who laughed loudly to think of Johnson walking up a steep hill in Lincolnshire in order that he might roll down it in order to dispel his gloom. For us this is no longer funny. It is the tragedy of our generation that we can understand only too well that desperate gloom, that morbid melancholia, that *accidie* of the afternoon which haunted Johnson all his life and was its most dominating feature. We understand, as his contemporaries surely never did, his answer to Boswell's inquiry: "I wonder, Sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." "Sir," replied the Doctor, "you *may* wonder."

R. P. R. W.

Post Time is Adventure Time!

By Anita Richmond

"You're very excited, Norah. What's the matter?"
"It's time the postman came."
"But—"
"Ah, there he is!" Norah jumped to her feet and ran to the front door. When she returned she bore a letter which she flourished triumphantly in her friend's face.
"It's quite an adventure nowadays," she exclaimed.
"I don't understand," said Marjorie. "Besides, that letter isn't for you. It's addressed to Miss Blanche—"
"My pen name. The letter's from an editor and—"
She tore open the envelope. "Yes, there's a cheque. Ten beautiful guineas!"
"For heaven's sake explain, Norah! Don't be so tantalising."

Norah sank into a chair, her eyes bright with excitement. "I'm a real live authoress, Marjorie. Really I am. I've been writing now for over a year, and I've made—simply pounds. You wouldn't believe it." She pointed across the room. "See that bookcase? That cost me three hours' work—if it can be called work. Really it's the most fascinating hobby imaginable."
"But you, Norah!" exclaimed the other in amazement. "Why, you never—"
"I know. That's the wonderful thing about it. I never dreamt I could do it, although I always longed to be able to. One day I saw an advertisement of a correspondence course in article and story-writing, and sent for a copy of the prospectus."
"And you joined?"
"Eventually I did. I doubted my ability to write; but the Course people were so friendly and helpful in their letters that I picked up courage and enrolled."
"I don't believe in these correspondence courses," said Marjorie, shaking her head.
"I didn't till I learnt more about this one. My dear, you wouldn't believe the trouble they take. I hadn't the foggiest notion how I should even start an article before I joined, yet two months afterwards the Director of Studies wrote and said that my last exercise would be up to standard if I revised it in a certain way, and he gave me a list of papers to send it to."
"Well?"
"The first paper brought it. I got two guineas. Since then I've sold nearly everything I've written."
"It's perfectly wonderful, Norah. I wish I could do it; but then, writers are born, not—"
"Rubbish! It's a matter of training. If you can write a good letter, you can learn to write 'copy' for the papers—I'll tell you what I'll do, Marjorie; I'll write and get the Institute's new prospectus for you."
"The Institute?"
"The Regent Institute, Palace Gate."
"But I couldn't afford the fee, Norah."
"It's really quite reasonable, and you can pay it in instalments. You might get it back in no time. I did within five months. Do let me get that prospectus for you."
"I'll think about it."
"Take my advice, Marjorie, and act now. I wish I hadn't waited so long. I'd have earned pounds more."
"All right, Norah." Marjorie rose to her feet. She was quite enthusiastic by this time. "Let's send for it now, dear."

* * * * *

LEARN TO WRITE Earn While You Learn

Many striking parallels to the case of Norah are to be found in the records of the Regent Institute. Some students have earned the fee *several times over* while taking the postal tuition in Journalism and Short Story Writing. One woman pupil reported that she had earned over £100 while learning.

Cut out and post the following coupon NOW, or write a simple request for the booklet addressed to the Regent Institute (Dept. 93P), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE REGENT INSTITUTE
(Dept. 93P), Regent House, Palace Gate, W.8

Please send me, free of charge and without any obligation on my part:

(a) A copy of your booklet, "How to Succeed as a Writer," describing your postal Courses and giving full details of the openings for new writers, together with evidence of substantial earnings by students in spare time.

(b) Particulars of the moderate fee and the convenient terms of payment.

Name.....

Address

Collector

ROBERT BURNS DID NOT WRITE "THE HERMIT"

When "Death steek'd the weary een" of the poet Burns in 1796, he had written many poems and songs which he never saw in "guid black prent." He published the famous Kilmarnock Edition of "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" in 1786; additions were made in the Edinburgh edition of 1787; and the edition published in two volumes in 1793 was distinguished by further new poems. He also contributed many songs to "The Scots Musical Museum," of which four volumes were issued during his lifetime, i.e. in 1787-88-90-92. Though he wrote a great number of songs for George Thomson's "Original Scottish Airs," the only portion of that musical and lyrical publication which he had the satisfaction of handling was the "First Set," which was published in 1793, and constituted the first half only of volume one of Thomson's Collection, which was ultimately completed by the issue of the sixth volume in 1841.

In 1799 "The Jolly Beggars" was published by Stewart & Meikle; many new poems were printed by Currie in the first collected edition of Burns's Works, dated 1800; and thereafter pieces *never before printed* appeared at intervals in editions edited by Cromek, Gilbert Burns, Allan Cunningham, Hogg and Motherwell, Robert Chambers and successive editors, down even to the second quarter of the twentieth century.

Obviously there is danger of *false-gets* creeping into the true fold when a poet's work has been augmented time and again by posthumous additions sponsored by editors of varying capacity, and appearing with credentials of unequal value—sometimes backed by satisfactory manuscript authority and sometimes thrust upon us on the mere "Say so" of an unnamed surmiser. Keen to swell the number of their poems "never before printed," editors have not always been over-careful in exercising critical scrutiny, with the result that many editions are contaminated by the inclusion of poems which Burns never wrote and songs which he never even tinkered. Often poems have been fathered on Burns because they have been addressed in endearing terms to some Mary, or mentioned with affectionate appreciation the river Nith or the Doon, or expressed in sentimental verse a poetic "Farewell to Ayrshire," or for kindred reasons equally plausible on the surface, and equally puerile when critically scanned by the penetrating light of literary scepticism.

In scores of editions of the "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," rubbing shoulders with "Tam o' Shanter" and "Auld Lang Syne," will be found a familiar poem of nine stanzas, of which I quote for purposes of identification and edification the first and third, under the usual title and heading:

THE HERMIT

(Written on a marble sideboard, in the hermitage belonging to the Duke of Athol, in the wood of Aberfeldy.)

Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, tho' from this world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear—
That fell remorse, or conscience bleeding,
Hath led me here.

* * * *

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted—
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

Most of the many editions which include this poem inform us that it was first published by Hogg & Motherwell in 1834, having been communicated by Peter Buchan of Aberdeen. Nimmo's numerous editions of Burns add that it is believed to be authentic. Nevertheless its authenticity has long been a matter of suspicion. Pearson's edition of

1899 says the poem is 'considered doubtful.' Scott Douglas, who extends the title to "The Hermit of Aberfeldy," remarks (1871, ii, 376) that "very few readers of Burns can be persuaded that these verses were composed by him." Henley and Henderson, in the "Centenary Edition" (1897, iv, 76), were quite as sceptical, and declare the poem to be "the work of a very humble poetaster, whether Buchan or another."

However it is notoriously difficult to prove a negative, and the expression of such doubts, obviously based on intuition and the internal evidence of the verses, does not—no matter how eminent the authority of the doubters—afford proof positive of the spuriousness of the poem. While instinct and literary perception may be useful personal guides towards conclusions, they are akin to "what the soldier said" and can scarcely be admitted as evidence. Even the fact that Burns scholars do not believe in the authenticity of "The Hermit" does not quite dispose of the piece with the force and finality that followed the finding of "Strait is the spot and green the sod," printed in the *Scots Magazine* of 1769, when Burns, to whom the poem had been attributed, was a boy ten years of age.*

In pursuing an investigation of this kind, it is well to trace the bibliographical provenance of the poem in question. So many authorities give Hogg & Motherwell as the first sponsors for the genuineness of "The Hermit,"

that it becomes essential to examine their edition of "The Works of Robert Burns," which is credited with the first

printing of the verses. It appears in the second of the five volumes (page 48), with a foot-note which shows that William Motherwell, as far as editions of Burns were concerned, did claim the honour of "first appearance." The poem is headed "The Hermit," and the foot-note reads: "The above lines, which have not appeared in any edition of our author's works, were written on a marble sideboard, in the hermitage belonging to the Duke of Athol, in the wood of Aberfeldy. We are indebted for them to Mr. Peter Buchan, Aberdeen.—M."

Robert Chambers, in his 1838 edition of "Burns's Poetical Works," attaches a "k" to signify that the verses were first published by Hogg & Motherwell, but adds an asterisk to denote that they had previously appeared fugitively. In spite of their unanimity, however, all the authorities are wrong in attributing the first appearance of the poem in the Burns canon of verse to the Glasgow printed edition of 1834-5-6, edited by the Ettrick Shepherd and William Motherwell. Long before—evidently unknown to these two poet-editors and to later annotators—the poem was included in "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns; including several valuable pieces not published in the Original Editions of his Poems, Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed and Published by Mackenzie & Dent, St. Nicholas' Church-Yard (1818)." The poem appears on page 318 of this edition and of the reissue dated 1821.

The Newcastle edition of Burns is probably the earliest in which "The Hermit" is to be found, but that was not the first instance of the attribution of the poem to the Bard of Ayrshire. In 1815 a volume was published in Dumfries under the title of "The Nithsdale Minstrel." On page 97 will be found the identical piece, headed "Original Verses by Burns," and preceded by the oft-repeated statement about the "marble sideboard" in the hermitage, in the wood of Aberfeldy. Though this appearance of the poem in 1815 is wellnigh twenty years earlier than anything of the kind recorded by the authorities, it cannot be ranked as the first printing of the verses.

The third volume of Brash & Reid's "Poetry Original and Selected," published in Glasgow in 1798, consists of twenty-four little poetical chap-books originally sold at a

* This discovery was given to the literary world in an article in THE BOOKMAN of April, 1919.

penny each. No. xii is entitled "The Exile: or the Banished Patriot, a Poem. To which are added AN INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE. And the Lovely Lass of Inverness. A Favourite Scots Song By Robert Burns, the Airshire Poet." Many of Burns's poems appeared in these Brash & Reid booklets, and one can readily understand the dubiety of the phrasing of the title page lending support to the interpretation that the poem as well as the song was written by Burns. Probably this is the original source of the attribution of "The Hermit" to Robert Burns.

Thus far back I had traced the bibliographical history of the poem—still suspicious of its authenticity but without absolute proof of its spuriousness—when one lucky day I picked off a book-barrow in Manchester "The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis," two volumes (London, 1839), an anonymous biography by Margaret Harries (afterwards Mrs. Baron-Wilson). Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818) was described by Scott and Byron as an intolerable bore. He wrote novels, plays, poems and several songs, including the once popular "Crazy Jane" and the famous "Allan Water." In 1794 he was attached to the British Embassy at The Hague where, largely because of his interest in "The Mysteries of Udolpho" (1794), he wrote in ten weeks that very naughty novel, "Ambrosio or The Monk," which appeared in the summer of 1795.

In his "Life"—on the spine of which he is described as Monk Lewis—there is a letter (vol. I, p. 138), dated "Hague, Nov. 22, 1794," in which he writes to his mother: "For my own part, I have not written a line excepting the 'Farce' and 'The Monk,' which is a work of some length, and will make an octavo volume of 420 pages. There is a great deal of poetry inserted, a few lines of which I will send you, in order that you may apply them, if you have no objection, to your own present ideas in retirement. It is an inscription supposed to be placed over the door of an artificial hermitage, which forms the ornament of a convent garden."

The poem mentioned appears on page 146, where it is headed "INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE," and has none of the preliminary explanation afterwards commonly attached to it. Howbeit it is the identical piece so persistently fathered on Burns under the title of "The Hermit." A re-examination of the Brash & Reid chap-book shows that its first item, "The Exile," is indexed "By the Author of the Monk," and that the second poem according to the index, is an "Inscription engraved on a Marble Table fixed against the Wall of an Hermitage."

That Lewis wrote the poem is proved beyond dispute, but the question arises: "Did he include it in 'The Monk' as published?" Unfortunately the British Museum has no copy of the first edition, but in the first volume of the second edition, dated 1796, the verses appear on page 88 with the same heading as in Lewis's letter to his mother. This is how they are interwoven into the text of the novel:

"Ambrosio placed himself upon the bank, and obliged the youth to be seated by him:

"You must not indulge this disposition to melancholy," said he. "What can possibly have made you view in so desirable a light, misanthropy, of all sentiments the most hateful?"

"The perusal of these verses, father, which till now had escaped my observation. The brightness of the moon-beams permitting my reading them; and oh, how I envy the feelings of the writer!"

"As he said this he pointed to a marble tablet fixed against the opposite wall; on it were engraved the following lines:

"INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE

"Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading," etc.

It is interesting to note how the tablet by a simple transition became a table, and the table developed into a side-board; and how, following the linking of the verses with the name of Burns, the hermitage was invested with "a local habitation and a name," to wit, Aberfeldy.

Manifestly "The Hermit" should be expunged from all future editions of Burns's Poems, and consigned to the Apocryphal shades, along with "Strait is the spot and green the sod," "As on the banks of winding Nith," "The tither morn when I forlorn" and other spurious verses which have been falsely fathered on Scotland's long-suffering Bard.

NOT—FOR SINNERS ONLY...

THE BOOK FOR EVERYBODY

Or, as in the words of Dr. HUGH J. ORR-EWING in the Foreword . . .

"... For every Christian then, perplexed seeker, puzzled student, for older Christian, maturer Saint, this book has its message . . ."

AN IDEAL GIFT

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

BASIL F. C. ATKINSON, M.A., Ph.D. 209 pages of good clear type, cloth bound, coloured jacket.

Popular Price, 2/6; By Post, 2/10

FIRST EDITION October, 1933

SECOND EDITION Nearing Exhaustion

THIRD EDITION In Preparation

THYNNE & CO., LTD., and DAILY PRAYER UNION
28-30, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. V

Published Monthly

No. 1

PRINCIPAL JANUARY CONTENTS:

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON
WHAT IS THERE WORTH SAVING IN EUROPEAN CIVILISATION? JEAN GUÉHENNO, Editor of *Europe*
MAN VERSUS THE MACHINE D. L. MURRAY
A WAY TO JESUS HUMBERT WOLFE
THE VISION OF EROS IN JESUS AND SHAKESPEARE G. WILSON KNIGHT
MODERN EUROPEAN DRAMA AND RELIGION PAUL BANKS
THE SUFIS AND REINCARNATION R. A. NICHOLSON
THE NAZI POSITION F. OTTO SCHRADER
REVIEWS: IVOR B. HART, CLAUDE HOUGHTON, EDITH WARD, H. J. ROSE

Annual Subscription 20/- Half Yearly 10/-
Single Copies 2/- (Post Free)

20, GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

DEIGHTON, BELL & CO., LTD.

13 & 30, TRINITY STREET
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

Established 1700

**ENGLISH AND FOREIGN NEW AND
SECONDHAND BOOKSELLERS**

Single Volumes or Entire Libraries Purchased for Cash

Catalogues issued

FOYLES for BOOKS!

New, secondhand and rare books on every subject.
Over two million volumes in stock. Catalogues free on mentioning your interests.

119-125, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 5660 (seven lines)

MODERN 1st EDITIONS AND OLD BOOKS FOR SALE.

LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MRS. FINLAY, LOCHNELL LODGE, TAY NUILT, ARGYLL

BIG DEMAND for articles and stories by women with ideas.
Special training by successful woman journalist. Students earn whilst learning. Free booklet.—Femina School of Journalism, Dept. 98E, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.4

FINE PRINTING

AT COMPETITIVE PRICES

★ THE WESTMINSTER PRESS ★

411a Harrow Road
London, W.9

11 Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.2

Some Recent Booksellers' Catalogues

by Iolo A. Williams

Two catalogues have recently come from Messrs. Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1. One of these consists of autograph letters, mostly of the nineteenth and present centuries. Some twenty letters and cards from Phil May are offered at prices ranging from nine to twenty-four shillings apiece. They are all addressed to A. W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, who published May's "Gutter-snipes." Messrs. Hollings's other catalogue is concerned with association books. A presentation copy of Wilde's "A House of Pomegranates" (1891), inscribed by the author to Alice, Princess of Monaco, is priced £50, and the same sum is asked for a presentation copy of his "Poems" (1881). Other authors' presentation copies include John Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" (1922), £12 10s., and John Clare, "The Village Minstrel," two volumes (1821), £3. Several of the books in this list come from the library of the late Harold Monro.

Messrs. Francis Edwards, Ltd., of 83, High Street, Marylebone, W.1, have long been known for their special interest in books on travel and foreign lands. Their most recent list, number 565, relates to the West Indies, and contains nearly six hundred items. Perhaps the most important thing offered is Baptista Boazio's map of Drake's voyage to Virginia and the West Indies in 1585-86. This was published by Richard Field of London in 1589. Only two or three copies of this map are known, and the present example is unique in being coloured by a contemporary hand. Its price is £300. The 1685 edition of J. Esquemeling's famous "Bucaniers of America," two volumes, costs £50. It may be added, for the benefit of those who are not extremely rich, that many of the books in this catalogue cost only a few shillings each.

An interesting miscellaneous list, number 296, has just been issued by Messrs. Myers & Co., of 102, New Bond

Street, W.1. In turning over the pages one notices first editions of Leigh Hunt, Johnson, George Eliot, Lever, Walter Pater, Thackeray, Scott, Albert Smith and other authors of equally diverse character, achievement and value. There are books with Cruikshank illustrations, and there is a small collection of coloured aquatints of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Modern first editions form a considerable part of catalogue 21, published by Mr. Raphael King, of 222, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, though there are also in it many earlier books, such as the folio edition (1704) of William Wycherley's "Miscellany Poems," which is priced £38. The chief importance of this book lies in the fine mezzotint portrait after Lely, for the poems themselves are both bad and unpleasant. Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), in contemporary calf, is here also for £65. But to turn to the moderns, perhaps the rarest item is Mr. W. B. Yeats's first publication, "Mosada," a pamphlet published in 1886. A copy of this, in the original wrappers, is priced £50. This firm has for some years specialised in Mr. Shaw's first editions, and several of them are here offered.

Another miscellaneous list of English literature is number 41, issued by Mr. Arthur Rogers, of 4, Queen's Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The first seventy items or so consist of Americana. Other sections of the catalogue are devoted to old novels, juvenile books and literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Messrs. Dobell, already firmly established in Bruton Street and the Charing Cross Road, have opened yet a third shop—at 24, Mount Ephraim Road, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Robert J. Dobell is in charge there, and has already issued his first catalogue, which contains, among other things, a great deal of interesting and out-of-the-way English poetry.

THE BOOKLOVERS' CIRCLE: Reports and Fixtures

LONDON

November 1st.—The third lecturer of the season was Mr. Norreys Jephson O'Connor—poet, dramatist, critic, professor and *alumnus* of Harvard. His subject was "Some Recent American Poets." As the Chairman, Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, said in an appreciative speech at the close, the lecturer not only shed new light on the subject, but left one with a keen desire for more. The period chosen was that of the poetic revival between 1910 and 1925, and the representative poets brought into the foreground included Edgar Lee Masters, of "Spoon River Anthology" fame; Carl Sandburg, ballad-collector and folk-lorist; Vachel Lindsay, author of "The Gospel of Beauty" and interpreter of the religious fervour of the negro; Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose "Miniver Cheevy" was given; Robert Frost, farmer, teacher, explorer of the psychological content of the Arthurian poems and perhaps the best known poet in America to-day; the late Amy Lowell; Edna St. Vincent Millay, spoken of as Amy Lowell's successor, and whose "Exile" was recited; and Nancy Byrd Turner.

Mr. O'Connor gave vivid little character sketches of these poets, explained the quality of their work and influence, and reminded us that poetry was essentially a progressive thing. Few of us will forget the haunting lines that were read to us. They were read, as Mrs. G. B. Burgin said, "as poems should be read." Mr. G. B. Burgin opened the discussion with a happy tribute to the lecturer's own work, and in response to a special appeal Mr. O'Connor recited one of his poems, choosing from an anthology his tribute to the memory of the Irish soldier-poet, Francis Ledwidge. Most of the large audience, in Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon's words, "came to listen and remained listeners"; but the prolonged applause which accompanied the vote of thanks to Mr. O'Connor was eloquent of our appreciation of a brilliant and virtually extempore effort in poetic interpretation.

W. Francis Aitken

November 15th.—In his own engaging fashion, Mr. Leopold Spero, B.A., LL.B., covered the ground of his subject: "The New Age Nursery: Katherine Mansfield, Arlen, Rebecca West, de Maeztu." Mr. Juan W. P. Chamberlin presided. Mr. Spero started with a portrait of Alfred Richard Orage and, as he proceeded, the life-work and personality of the celebrated editor of the *New Age* stood out in clear and vivid detail. Round about this central figure, facts and comments were deftly inserted. "Thirty years ago," said Mr. Spero, "there was a journalism which I believe is coming back; a responsible journalism of finely expressed argument, and there were men who were ready to back that kind of thing." Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, in a happy speech, expressed a vote of thanks to Mr. Spero, and this was seconded by Mr. W. Francis Aitken, who remarked on the comforting thought that there is a prospect of a return in journalism to the old sanity.

Programme

1934: January 10th.—The first lecture in the New Year will be given by Mr. W. Francis Aitken, on "Montaigne."

January 24th.—Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has promised us another lecture, and his subject will be (by special request) "Modern Poetry." The Chair will be taken by Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes.

Other lecturers for the second session will include Mr. Reginald Arkell on "Richard Jefferies"; Miss R. C. Ashby, on "How I Write Detective Thrillers" (Chairman: Mrs. Champion de Crespigny); Mr. Shaw Desmond, on "Critics and Criticised" (March 7th); and Miss Clara E. Grant, on "The Highbrow Writer and the Lowbrow Reader" (Chairman: Mr. G. B. Burgin).

March 21st.—Annual Dinner.

Applications for membership should be addressed to Mrs. Sophie Hine, 70, Coniston Road, Muswell Hill, N.10.

VERSE

THREE POEMS

I

I hear in the evening the evening twitter of sparrows
coming to rest ;
and in the timber-yard they are shutting the heavy
gates,
horses bunched shoulders eased, cart shafts rise, straight
dark masts against the sky, where rims of cloud
catch the last desperate light, like dying men
clutching at hands, last relics of lamps gone out ;
my world shall be more private than the sun's integrity.

II

We are lit up with all slow histories
which in our time seem to be spread
longer than pylons ; river's laziness
seeks in its distance the unworn sea bed
whose chaos can no map of us possess ;
yet greatly to have loved is country still,
which, though trees pass for wires, and city's death
covers the firmly sheltering light of green,
still keeps its shrubs unshorn by gardener's clip,
with girder's strength consistent, though unseen.

III

Not only pride which hands have, much to build
the sum of all resources, trek begun
but lonelier ways than others, longer thoughts
menace to hope, yet see, they understand
this is the land, none other, not the scene too far.

For distance is the flight from star to star,
and when our dim comparisons we break
shape follows shadow ; but these shadows are—
and you protest, we did not will it thus ;
yet all beliefs are equalled that in years
are past ; behind us, riding on their track,
comes the last surf, discarding track and us
for those new generations lightning quick.

Edgar Foxall

IN THE EVENING

Fellow man, happy at day's end, fire's border,
it is to you, unwelcome I come a hinter,
searching, intolerable in your order,
for spring recoiled and diligent in winter.
Fireside man, I demand uncomfortable lovers,
refusal of willing arms. I have you believe
news, wirelessly, how the ghostly squadron hovers,
forcing the eye. Now may your hands achieve
not the scramble for safety, the half down blind,
but a bleak tryst out at the mouth of the estuary.
Are you afraid of darkness, of looking behind ?
Daylight will never give you sanctuary :
seasons will never change in the closed land, the mind :
the last spring fallow fail, unkind.

John Pudney

Literary and Personal Requirements

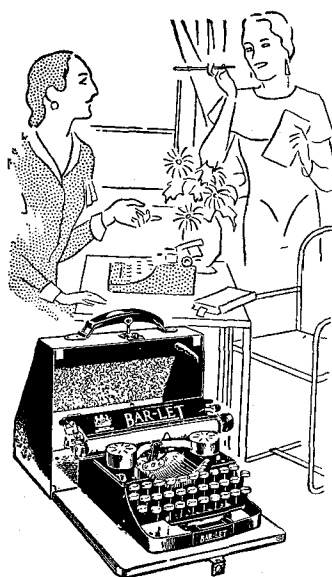
MEANS OF
COMMUNICATION

No. 6. By Typewriting

Writing is the universal method by which mankind corresponds to-day. And in civilised communities, the typewriter is the means employed. Many improvements have been made since it was first invented. The

BAR-LET PORTABLE

is the successful culmination of a long series of writing machines. A thoroughly efficient typewriter, it has the advantage of portability ; wherever its owner may go, it can accompany him and be always relied upon for faithful service ; its price brings it within the reach of all.



CASH PRICE

£8:8:0

COMPLETE WITH
TRAVELLING CASE(Easy Payment Terms if
desired)

BAR-LET

PORTABLE

Possesses every essential for efficient typing and duplicating. Standard Keyboard, full 8-inch writing line. Weight 8½ lbs. Finished in black, blue, green, red, or maroon. Case fitted with stationery container and cleaning outfit.



MADE IN ENGLAND

BAR-LOCK (1925) CO., NOTTINGHAM, ENG.

Makers of the Bar-Lock Typewriter. Telephone: Nott. 75141/2

AUTHORS' MSS. speedily and perfectly typed by educated male typists. Good clear, black ribbons used ; new machines. Novels a speciality, but no work too small, not even two-page articles. Play work done for professional playwrights. Ten years' experience. 9d. per 1,000 words. Send stamp for perfect samples.—The Authors' Aid Service (B.J.), 67 (B), Princes Avenue, Hull.

NOVELISTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

Send for specimens and special quotations for the typing of your works. Substantial reduction on quantity. Many recent successes handled and every client highly satisfied—your own satisfaction is guaranteed !

SHORT STORY and ARTICLE WRITERS. Your MSS. prepared efficiently and expeditiously. 1/- per 1,000 words, including carbon copy, plus postage. **VERSE.** 2d. per 72 words, carbon copy one quarter.

MR. P. E. EVERETT, (B), CAMPSEA ASHE, WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK

TYPEWRITING

Prompt, accurately - checked work, Hasty indistinct writing typed intelligently on good paper.

Strictly confidential. 10d. 1,000 words, carbon free.

STEDMAN-B., 15, Carew Road, Ealing.

TYPEWRITING. — Manuscript carefully typed 10d. per 1,000 words, carbon copies 2d. per 1,000. Revised, if desired, 1/- 1,000. Medical, Scientific, Technical, Foreign copied, 1/- 1,000. —Miss Miles, 1, Greek Street, Soho, W.1

AUTHORS' MSS. accurately typed. English, French, German, Spanish or Italian. Usual terms.—Miss C. H. Edwards, B.A., 40, Charleston Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.

WHERE TO SPEND THE
NEW YEAR

MATLOCK—SMEDLEY'S—Great Britain's Greatest Hydro. For Health and Pleasure. Two Resident Physicians. 270 Bedrooms. Grounds 10 Acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Prospectus free. No Branch Establishments. Phone: Matlock 17. Grams: "Smedleys Matlock."

Four Score Years and Ten.
By General Sir Bindon Blood. 16s.
(Bell.)

For My Grandson.
By Sir Frederick Pollock. 10s. 6d.
(John Murray.)

A Great Lady's Friendships.
Edited by Lady Burghclere. 21s. (Macmillan.)

Time Remembered.
By Frances Horner. 15s. (Heinemann.)

Sunshine and Shadows Over a Long Life.
By Lady Mary Meynell. 12s. (John Murray.)

Twice Seven.
By H. C. Bainbridge. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)

Female Pippins in Eden.
By Dame Ethel Smyth. 8s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Literary criticism is one thing, and deference to old age is another, and how to combine the two is a problem which the present reviewer trusts is capable of solution. Of the seven volumes about to be considered, five are by authors between the ages of seventy-five and ninety-one.

General Sir Bindon Blood's reminiscences, written with his own hand at the age of ninety, tell a plain story of sport and war in various parts of the world during the latter half of the nineteenth century. From the literary standpoint it is preferable that an autobiographer should not be all of one piece. If he is adventurous and heroic, he must have his moments of fear. If he is honourable, he must feel temptation once or twice. If he is modest, a streak of vanity should reveal itself from time to time. Sir Bindon Blood has none of these weaknesses, and his reminiscences are in consequence too uniform in tone. At the same time their perfect simplicity and straightforwardness often achieve effects which a more elaborate writer would miss. Here is a model of succinct statement: "Out came the tiger, full of himself, straight for Maula Buksh. But I stopped him with a bullet in the withers and he dropped stone dead." That "full of himself" is worth a

by Hugh Kingsmill

page of descriptive writing. Equally brief and vivid is Sir Bindon Blood's account of an officer losing his nerve when fired at by some Zulus. "My friend," writes Sir Bindon, "said:

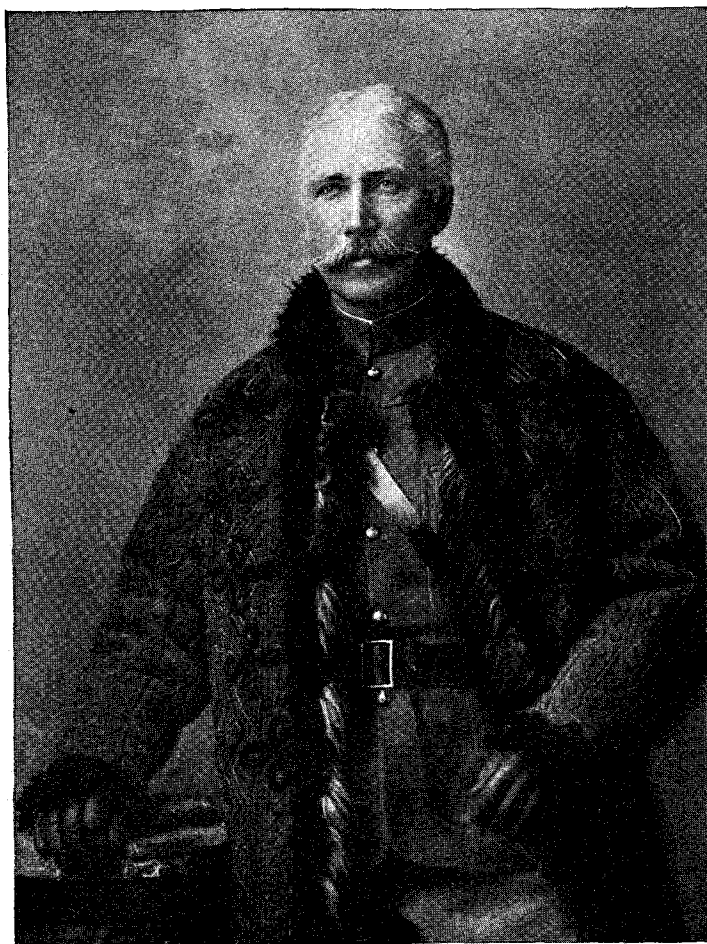
'Hallo, this is a bad business!' turned his horse and galloped off to the escort. I much admired the way his horse, a nice English hunter about 15.2 high, went over the bad ground. . . . My friend always used to look unhappy afterwards when we met, though I never said a word about the occurrence to him, or anyone else, for at least fifty years."

From Zulus and tigers we pass, in the memories of Sir Frederick Pollock, to the heart of Victorian culture. The strength and weakness of this culture are perfectly illustrated in Sir Frederick's remark that Hamlet "was not only Prince of Denmark, but a great gentleman and a person not to be trifled with." The language Hamlet uses to his mother and to Ophelia is on occasion both hysterical and indecent, and so far from being effective in action, he cannot dispose of his enemy without involving half a dozen other persons, including himself, in the destruction of the king. To transmute this wild creature into a dignified

gentleman is a feat which extorts a certain admiration for a society which assumed that anyone, in history or fiction, whom it admired must have been a Victorian. Within the limits indicated by this respectful protest, Sir Frederick's reminiscences are full of interest and austere charm. His description of London in mid-Victorian times is particularly good, nor does he praise the past at the expense of the present. The noises of those days, he says, were at least as great as those we now complain of, and he instances the clatter of horse-hoofs and iron-tyred heels on paved roads, and the practice of whistling for cabs.

No picture of the cultured Victorian is complete unless it includes his escape into the beauty and adventure opened up by the discovery of the Alps. Switzerland provided the Victorians with beauty divorced from sex, and adventure divorced from bloodshed. In the interesting chapter he gives to his climbing days, Sir Frederick tells us that on one occasion there were no fewer than seven actual or future Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, assembled at the Eggischhorn Inn, where the night before some of the big climbs in the Berner Oberland used to be spent.

While Sir Bindon was nipping tigers in the bud and Sir Frederick was scaling the Shreckhorn, Lady Mary Sackville West (by her first marriage Marchioness of Salisbury and by her second Countess of Derby) was receiving the letters from the Queen of Holland, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Cowley, Sir Henry Bulwer, Robert Lowe and other important political figures, which Lady Burghclere has edited and annotated so admirably, completing her task just before her death at the end of last September. This volume of five hundred pages will be of the greatest interest to students of European politics, but the general effect is depressing. Sixty years ago, hardly less than now, fear was the dominant emotion of those intimately connected with politics. No doubt the majority of persons were less on edge than they are to-day, but those who were in touch with events seem to have been as frightened and uncertain as though they were living in post-War Europe. "Prussia's constant aim is to destroy France, to paralyse Austria." "As to France . . . I am afraid they are rolling more and more into the abyss." "The native good sense of the English seems lost in a cloud of false philanthropy." These and many other passages might have been written this year instead of in the comfortable seventies of the last century. One infers that the world never has been and never will be a comfortable place to live in, but there is the consoling afterthought that political prophets are usually too gloomy. The Great War did not break out till forty years after the sentences just quoted.



Sir Bindon Blood

From "Four score Years and Ten," by Sir Bindon Blood (Bell)

The difference between the autobiographies of Lady Horner and Lady Mary Meynell may be guessed from their respective titles—"Time Remembered" and "Sunshine and Shadows over a Long Life." Lady Horner covers a far wider range of interests than Lady Mary Meynell, but writes less spontaneously. It is of little interest to learn that all the great and important persons Lady Horner met were of an undiluted delightfulness. An autobiography is not a drawing-room, and social charm is out of place in it. Ruskin alone comes to life in Lady Horner's passages: "He was often rather unkind and loved power; he was not tender by nature and we quarrelled constantly." It is a pity that Lady Horner has not given us more of such excellent characterisation.

Lady Horner regrets that Haldane should have "concentrated on educating the democracy—a flat impossibility!" Elsewhere Lady Horner tells us that Pertab Singh, who rented her London house, looked very beautiful when he was dressed and covered with jewels. "He was so kind that he always asked the housemaids to come and see him before he went out." One would like to know whether Lady Horner's uneducated housemaids shared Lady Horner's view that Pertab Singh behaved like this from pure benevolence.

Lady Mary Meynell's reminiscences are very charming and natural. The publishers speak on the cover of the many well-known persons whom Lady Mary has met, but the chief interest of the book is in its picture of Lady Mary's own journey through life—a sheltered and happy one on the whole, but overcast towards the close by death and the uncertainties of the present age.

Mr. Bainbridge's "Twice Seven" is a strange book for a reviewer to have to deal with after five volumes each representative of a familiar social type. The chief defect in Mr. Bainbridge's autobiography is that he overstates the significance of everything and everyone. The three men of most importance in his life were Dr. Ludwig Mond, the great chemist, Frederic Rolfe, who assumed the name and title of Baron Corvo, and Fabergé, jeweller to the Russian Court before the Revolution. All three remarkable men, beyond a doubt, but Mr. Bainbridge rouses a certain recalcitrancy in the reader by referring to them as, respectively, "my terrestrial master, my greatest Jew," "my celestial master, my greatest Christian," and "the last of the great craftsmen." Nevertheless his account of Baron Corvo would, even if there were nothing else of interest in his book, alone stamp it as a book quite out of the ordinary. Baron Corvo was originally Frederic Rolfe, a son of a piano-maker, in Cheapside. In his twenties Rolfe became a Catholic and a self-ennobled baron, and after innumerable vicissitudes died in Venice in great bitterness against the world because it had not recognised his genius. Mr. Bainbridge lived with him for some years, but they quarrelled at last because Mr. Bainbridge was unable to give Rolfe all the financial help he needed. The desperate letters Rolfe, when he was penniless and menaced by a savage landlady, wrote Mr. Bainbridge are as poignant as anything in the annals of literary destitution. Mr. Bainbridge, who seems to have done a great deal for the baron, has allowed his remorse that he did not do more to distort his sense of reality. To say of someone who converted himself from the son of a piano-maker into a baron, that "like all Great Simple Teachers he was crucified," is bizarre. But if Corvo was not a crucified saint, he was a singular and most interesting character, who deserves to be remembered if only for the distinction he drew between Catholics and Catholicism: "As for the Faith, I found it comfortable. As for the Faithful, I found them intolerable."

Dame Ethel Smyth's miscellany of memories is written with her usual vigour and humour. Especially trenchant is her account of Brahms's treatment of his lady worshippers when they crowded round him after a concert; "Some of the injured had been removed on stretchers; others were licking their wounds, brooding over a sortie that had gone awry, and hoping for a chance of making good before the lights were turned down."

The section of her book to which Dame Ethel Smyth attaches most importance is her sketch of Mrs. Pankhurst,



Breathing Passages Clear Infection Overcome Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief —

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity — the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold — that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V105

the leader of the Militant Suffragettes, whom she calls "an even more astounding figure than Joan of Arc, in that instead of performing her miracles in an age of romance, religious faith and mystic exaltation, round about her blared the hard, sceptical light of the twentieth century." Dame Ethel Smyth is always charging the male sex with sentimentality, but apparently without first purging herself of overstrained emotionalism. Joan of Arc, while still in her teens, imposed herself on the French as their leader and broke the spell of English invincibility. Mrs. Pankhurst, at a mature age, organised a campaign of violence which did not succeed in intimidating even a Liberal Cabinet. The vote was given to women, doubtless with great relief, as a War-time bonus for patriotic zeal. It was not extorted by Mrs. Pankhurst's methods. That Mrs. Pankhurst was not a great woman is clearly shown by her behaviour when the War broke out. "What gives the work of the greatest of our sex, whether in literature or on the field of action, its peculiar stamp," Dame Ethel Smyth writes, "is mental independence combined with instinctive directness." If Mrs. Pankhurst had possessed mental independence she would have helped to safeguard the decency and dignity of civilian England, instead of emulating the recruiting methods of Horatio Bottomley.

Dame Ethel Smyth balances her enthusiasm for a militant woman with almost equal enthusiasm for a very inactive man called Henry Brewster, who died in 1908 at the age of fifty-eight. Dame Ethel Smyth holds that Brewster was a man of genius, and that when his books are republished this will become in time the general view. At the age of sixteen Brewster fell in love with Julia von Stockhausen, who was eleven years his senior. They married some years later and lived in absolute seclusion, Julia believing that her husband's genius needed separation from the world to bear its fruits. It is clear that Brewster fell in love with Julia because he felt, even at sixteen, that he was too weak to achieve anything unless a stronger nature supported him. The experiment failed. Brewster could not live up to his wife; he broke away, and passed the rest of his life as a graceful society dilettante. Dame Ethel Smyth quotes Brewster at length, and gives only one sentence from Julia's diary—a sentence written shortly before her death: "Parole disjointe et perdue, je me réintègre dans le poème divin." It is interesting that so ardent a feminist as Dame Ethel Smyth should give pages of praise to Henry Brewster and only a paragraph to his far more remarkable wife.

OUR RULERS

Old Rowley.

By Dennis Wheatley. 9s. (Hutchinson.)

The Tudor Wench.

By Elswyth Thane. 15s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Romance of the White Rose.

By Grant R. Francis. 18s. (Murray.)

A Stuart Sketch Book.

By H. Frank Wallace. Illustrated by the author and by Lionel Edwards, R.I. 25s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Both Queen Elizabeth and Charles II had much to endure before they ascended the throne. The former might certainly have gone to the scaffold had she not skilfully dealt with the charges brought against her by her sister Mary. It was touch and go after the Battle of Worcester whether Charles was to escape to France or be captured by the Roundheads. Both future monarchs owed their lives to their wits. Moreover both spent several years in extremely indigent circumstances. Their early experiences doubtless were responsible for the strong and able characters which Queen Elizabeth and King Charles possessed in their later years. But whereas the Queen remained single and parsimonious throughout her life, Charles, after regaining the crown of England, began to indulge in a loose and extravagant life which his former small means had not permitted.

Mr. Wheatley, in his lively account of the life of Charles, stresses that side of his character which is perhaps most widely known and for which many persons admire him. And Mr. Wheatley is so staunch an admirer that he has written a highly entertaining biography. The facts of Charles's life are given and a sketch of the reign is drawn in outline, but Mr. Wheatley's real interest is clearly Charles's lively character. If Mr. Wheatley's portrait is accurate (and there seems no reason to doubt that it is), Charles was not only a lively rake but a wise and witty monarch, tactful and with a knowledge of men. These qualities are as admirable in a king of England as they are unusual. The Anglo-Saxon strain in our earlier kings, and the Hanoverian strain in our later kings compares ill with the Latin wit and elegance of the Stuarts.

Charles was moreover tolerant of the beliefs of others, a wholly admirable trait and one that is a distinguishing characteristic of all fine Englishmen. In an age which tended to indulge in interminable metaphysical argument, and to produce fervent partisans of one or other system of religious beliefs, Charles remained somewhat sceptical outside the discussions. In regard to politicians his attitude was similar. He was shrewd enough to feel of them in general what Dryden so ably said of Shaftesbury in

by Geoffrey Rossetti

particular—that politicians are almost all resolved either to ruin or to rule the State. He eventually became so disgusted with his Parliaments that he ruled without one. Whether in the long run this was a wise course is another matter, for an Englishman is dangerous when there is no committee to give him the illusion that he is having a voice in the government.

Miss Thane's account of Elizabeth Tudor tells the story of the life of this great Queen until the date of her accession to the throne. A considerable amount of painstaking research has gone to the making of this work, and Miss Thane has documentary evidence for most of her statements. This makes her method of telling the story all the more unfortunate. In the midst of accurately detailed accounts of Elizabeth's life, conversations are introduced which are obviously pure imagination on the part of the author. There are also many passages of what may be called "reported thought" which must be even more imaginary. It is conceivable that a biographical narrative could be written in this style, but it is doubtful if Miss Thane is the person to undertake it. Her sense of fact is so strong and so much in evidence as she writes that the narrative and historical passages cannot fail to mix ill with the passages which are her invention. If we compare her narrative with that of Mr. Wheatley, we must allow that Miss Thane gives the impression of having taken more pains to ensure that minute details are correct, but one feels nevertheless that Mr. Wheatley has actually more insight into the character of the individual behind the historical facts. The speeches and thoughts of Queen Elizabeth, as imagined by Miss Thane, are in the main commonplace. The facts of Elizabeth's history, as told by Miss Thane, imply a greater woman than Miss Thane has given to us. If it must be allowed that Mr. Wheatley has told his story with a somewhat unnecessary stress on the amorous adventures of Charles, he has also given us an impression of a remarkably able man with reserves of tact and experience for dealing with the world. Miss Thane, on the other hand, shows by the facts contained in her book that the young Elizabeth was a shrewd, able woman, but she fails to carry out this picture of Elizabeth's character in the more imaginative parts of her work. Had she confined herself to simple narrative Miss Thane would probably have produced a more satisfactory portrait, even though less alive in the manner of telling.

The Hanoverians have done little for the arts and graces in England. George I, it will be remembered, boasted in broken English that he liked neither "boetry" nor "bainting," and George II in Dr. Johnson's view was a fool. George III with a pathetic candour whispered to

Fanny Burney after a performance of "Hamlet" at court: "Sorry stuff, my dear, but we mustn't say so." George IV was undeniably a cad, William IV an inoffensive nonentity, and Queen Victoria, however competent she may have been as a State housekeeper, was hardly a patron of the arts. Certainly the Hanoverians are much to be deplored, for as the part played by the Crown in the government of the country has diminished so have the opportunities increased for the Crown to find time to patronise the more cultivated activities of life—perhaps even to show a nation of shopkeepers that things of the spirit, as well as blood sports, have a place. Yet save for George IV, who is said strangely enough to have kept a set of Jane Austen's novels in each of his houses, the Hanoverians have shown little sensibility. Alas, the humdrum German strain has persisted throughout the line!

However unwise they may have been as rulers of the English people, the Stuarts were kinglike. They were conscious of their position, realising that not only had they to look like kings but they had also to behave like kings. James I with his collection of pictures, Charles I on the scaffold outside his own palace in Whitehall, Charles II with his versatile capacities and sense of humour, James II obstinately faithful to his religious beliefs—all had kingly qualities not to be found in the coarse-grained Hanoverians who, beside the Stuarts, seem very ordinary individuals paid to occupy the throne and sign state documents. There is no need to believe in the theory of their divine right to the throne to regret that neither of the Pretenders was successful in his efforts to oust the usurpers. We need only recognise the natural inequality of mankind and the desirability that persons of taste and discernment

should lead the nation to regret that the Stuarts were obliged to relinquish the throne to a series of inferior German princelings with few wits and less graces. For the House of Stuart set a standard of taste and good breeding. The Stuarts were at once intelligent and of the world. Had their tradition persisted the intellectual elements in the nation might have had greater opportunities of assisting in the formation of the national character, and the native English fear of a clever person might have been less predominant to-day.

That the Stuarts were a fine and remarkable family is shown in the "Romance of the White Rose," where Mr. Grant R. Francis most ably gives an account of the plots and risings which followed the accession of the Hanoverians to the throne. The story Mr. Francis tells is fascinating, and in addition to those of the Old and Young Pretenders there are portraits of many interesting Jacobites such as John Graham of Claverhouse, the Earl of Mar, the enigmatic Lord Lovat, and Lord George Murray. Mr. Francis presents a wealth of historical detail gracefully, clearly and coherently. No less admirable, although on different lines, is the "Stuart Sketch Book," beautifully illustrated by Mr. H. Frank Wallace and Mr. Lionel Edwards. A brief summary of the varied fortunes of the House of Stuart, from Mary Queen of Scots to the Young Pretender, is followed by a series of charming plates, both in colour and in black-and-white, of Scottish scenes associated with the Stuart family. The plates have been excellently reproduced and the collection makes a delightful companion volume to that of Mr. Francis. All admirers of the Stuarts owe their thanks to those who have been responsible for these two books.

BIRD BOOKS

by W. R. Calvert

The Days and Nights of Birds.

By Jacques Delamain. 6s. (Gollancz.)

Here and There with Birds.

By E. W. Hendy. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

Bird Symphony.

By C. C. Vyvyan. 6s. net. (Murray.)

Jacques Delamain is a worthy successor to Jules Michelet. His first book, "Why Birds Sing," came as a revelation to many English readers, for France still carries the stigma of being a nation of bird-slayers: and not without reason. Yet there is to-day a handful of enlightened men and women across the Channel who have not bowed the knee to "la chasse"; and none more skilled, more devoted, more patient than M. Delamain whose new volume has been so admirably translated by Mary Schlumberger. It may seem like putting the cart before the horse to draw attention thus early to the competence and the beauty of the translation, but M. Delamain is a lyrical writer at times and it cannot have been an easy matter for Miss Schlumberger to capture and convey the ecstasy with which he has infused some of his descriptions. For that the English reader owes her a debt of gratitude.

A good part of the book deals with birds with which we in this country are familiar. Even in the chapter in which the author describes the bird-life of his own particular corner of France, the valley of the Charente, he declares that the goldfinches and chaffinches are the most common guests. Yet it is thrilling to the English bird-lover to read of the ortolan, orphean warbler, serin, little bustard, Cetti's warbler; and to know that on the lowlands in Saintonge the marsh harrier nests, the black kite flies and the white-tailed eagle whose stretch of wing is even broader than that of the golden eagle alights sometimes—though maddening to be told that "the guns are always ready for this creature from the Scandinavian fiords."

The charm of M. Delamain's book lies mainly in its writing. He tells us little we did not know before about our birds: but the telling of even the most commonplace event is delightfully and often beautifully done. It is

sometimes assumed that because an observer of the calibre of M. Delamain—who, most obviously, has written of nothing he has not himself seen and studied and pondered—has no new discovery to announce, his work is of little account. That is a foolish attitude to adopt. The writer who can put before his readers the picture of the first bathe of baby kingfishers so vividly that the water splashing on their jewelled bodies is wellnigh seen and felt, is an artist as well as a faithful observer, and as such alone has every right to display his powers. But M. Delamain must not say that along England's trout streams the kingfisher is abominated because he destroys a large proportion of young fish. Neither must he accuse us of shooting the bird for its plumage.

Apart from this "The Days and Nights of Birds" is, like its predecessor, an enchanting book. It would be interesting to know what effect they will have on the growing generation in France.

Mr. E. W. Hendy also is both keen observer and skilled narrator. In his latest volume he has collected some of his "adventures"—the word is W. H. Hudson's—among birds in various parts of Britain, including such well known sanctuaries as Blakeney Point and Scolt Head, and the result is eminently pleasing. Especially fortunate has he been in his observation of the ciril bunting, for during the past three summers this delightful little bird has nested in his garden; yet—and this is worth noting by those who think bird-watching a simple matter—he has never yet been privileged to witness the courtship. A chapter on John Webster, the Elizabethan dramatist, makes interesting reading for, as Mr. Hendy points out, "when Webster's brain was red-hot he was drawn instinctively to Nature for the inspired word or phrase; each one is a glowing spark from the fierce furnace of his tragic imagination." Altogether a delightful book.

Lady Vyvyan has had the happy thought of compiling an anthology for bird-lovers from literature in harmony with bird life and bird song. She has flung her net wide—from the book of Genesis to Lord Grey of Fallodon, from Horace to Hachisuka—and her haul is surprising in its rich variety.

FACETS OF CHRISTIANITY

by Gilbert Thomas

Great Christians.

Edited by R. C. Forman. 8s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

This volume contains fifty portraits—or, as the Archbishop of York in his foreword more appropriately calls them, “snapshots”—by forty different writers. To “review” such an album of “snaps” is manifestly impossible. Suffice it to indicate that the subjects have been selected from among notable Christians of the last fifty years—living people being excluded. The editor has attempted to define strictly neither the words “Christian” nor “Great,” but wisely assumes that, like Bishop King’s butler, the average person knows “a good Christian man” when he sees one. Mr. Forman appreciates the fact that many of the *truest* Christians are among the obscure and inarticulate. But after all he could only draw upon actual records, and inevitably his chosen personalities were “great” men or women in the conventional sense, though men or women whose outstanding gifts were moulded and directed by their differing shades and degrees of Christian conviction.

Mr. Forman has cast his net fairly wide. There can be only one serious quarrel with him. He should have included more Roman Catholics, or excluded them altogether; nor are Lord Acton, Baron von Hügel and Father Tyrell quite representative Catholics. Otherwise the selection both of subjects and of writers is in the main sound. The former includes, among Anglican clergymen, Bishops Gore, King, Lightfoot, Westcott and Weston, besides the less “pillar”-like figures of Father Dolling, Henry Scott-Holland, Studdert-Kennedy and Father Stanton. Dr. Parker, Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Dale, Spurgeon, Robertson-Nicoll and Dr. Clifford are prominent among Free Church divines. Laymen are represented among others by Dr. Barnardo, Sir Edward Clarke, Frank Crossley, Lord Phillimore and Hale White (“Mark Rutherford”). The last was a Christian despite his “scepticism,” and is fittingly included as a bridge-builder between the older and newer theological thought. Among women there are Catherine Booth, Josephine Butler, Lily Dougall, Christina Rossetti and Margaret Macdonald.

The treatment inevitably varies. Some of the writers become ensnared in bygone theological controversy; others are more concerned to “place” their subjects in historical perspective than to reveal them as individuals; others attempt a personal “close-up” at the sacrifice of the background. Several of the essayists however, including Mr. Edward Shillito on “Christina Rossetti” and Mr. Ernest Jeffs on “Mark Rutherford,” succeed, within the compass of twenty pages each, in conveying both a vital picture of a personality and the setting. There is marked difference again in the degrees of candour. There is little positive whitewashing, but some amount of conventional eulogy. Other portraits, on the contrary, are presented with true balance, “warts and all.” Browning remarked how very hard it is to be a Christian, and one is vividly conscious that few of the forty characters here depicted approached all-round sainthood. Most of them had the defects of their qualities and, but for their conversion, men like Dr. Parker or Spurgeon might well have been zealous ambassadors of evil.

After reading this volume I am inclined to feel that, despite the temporary decline of organised religion, our conception of what Christianity should imply is both

broadening and deepening. Let us not however belittle our forerunners. Some of them, like Dr. Clifford, stood four-square to every wind; others were at least stimulated by their religion to valuable activity in some special direction. Varied indeed the directions were; and this book—of very uneven literary value—serves at least one impressive spiritual purpose. By presenting so many different “hints and facets of One, the Eternal,” as reflected in finite humanity, it makes the reader increasingly sensible of “how infinite Good Itself must be.”

A Book of the Golden Rule.

By Jane T. Stoddart. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

“As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.” This saying of Christ, as reported by Luke, forms the Golden Rule of Miss Stoddart’s title; and following the individual method of her previous devotional volumes, she shows us how, in characteristic instances, this maxim has been put into practice. Her book is in large measure an anthology, but its extracts are embedded in her own commentary, so that a sustained narrative—under such sectional headings as “The Rule in Law and Gospel,” “The Rule at Work in History,” “The Rule in Sport, Society and Home Life” and “The Rule in International Affairs”—is produced.

Asked by a disciple if there were one word which might serve as guidance for a man’s whole life, Confucius replied: “Is not reciprocity such a word?” In Chinese, Hebraic, Roman and Grecian literature there are utterances of a similar spirit. But the Rule in ancient times remained a *law*, and was commonly stated in negative form, as by Rabbi Hillel, the Jewish sage who flourished during the reign of Herod and died while Jesus was a child. “What is hateful to yourself,” said Hillel, “do to no other; that is the whole Law, and the rest is commentary.” All honour to those who anticipated the Dayspring! But it was left for Jesus Himself to sublimate justice, and to frame the positive rule that “takes us into the reign of generosity and grace.”

Miss Stoddart laments that she has been able to draw so little material from avowedly religious sources. She has to admit—though happily there are now signs of a change in this respect—that the Sermon on the Mount has been sadly neglected even by self-styled “Christian” apologists and witnesses. On the other hand, encouraging examples of its application are to be found in the least expected places and, ranging over a wide field of history and biography, down to the present day, Miss Stoddart has culled a large number of them. She errs a little perhaps on the side of tolerance and credulity. We need in these days to remind ourselves that a few fitful Christian actions do not make a man a Christian. On the whole however the book not only offers interesting and pleasant reading, but has a spiritual quality far removed from mere formality.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE? By B. F. C. Atkinson, M.A., Ph.D. 2s. 6d. (Thynne.)

A readable defence of the view that the Bible is the supernaturally inspired Word of God, and that it must be accepted as literally true, not only in its ethical and religious teaching but in its facts, both scientific and historical. Dr. Atkinson has courageously faced, and tried to overcome all the difficulties involved in the fundamentalist approach.

Two Recent Volumes of Verse

Collected Poems.

By V. Sackville-West. 10s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

To pick up a book of this author's poems is like escaping from the Sunday turmoil of the main Hastings road into the quiet among her ancestral beeches at Knole. Indeed, if one did not know otherwise, he might be forgiven for concluding that Miss Sackville-West had rarely ventured beyond the rural surroundings of her home; so far and so peacefully remote is she as poet from the major disturbances (can we yet justly call them movements?) of her time.

For this reason few violent passions or controversies will be aroused by her work, and as few will quarrel with it. Aloof from contemporary movements in poetry, she writes, one feels, more for her own pleasure than for any audience she may find, and her poetry derives at its best from the slowly changing life of the country. We can no more expect of her any sudden and startling departure from tradition than we would from oak or elm or beech, and her poetic progeny, if any, will be as haphazard as the springing and survival of one oak from a season's broadcast of acorns.

But she needs no successors, even if the life of which she writes as no other can is about to pass away for ever. Such of her poetry as will survive (apart, that is, from a few scattered lyrics) is sufficiently unique to satisfy all that we might desire of its kind. As Housman in his very different way, so she in "The Land" and her other bucolic poems has tapped a spring from which there flows something akin maybe to Virgil, but in her case wholeheartedly and unmistakably English. No other poet in our tongue has brought together so great a wealth of these varying tangible and intangible essences which, to all who have suffered exile from them, spell England and can spell nothing else.

It is perhaps a little disappointing, as one looks through these "Collected Poems," to find so little else in her book equal to the bucolic poems in quality. One had hoped maybe for more than will be found here of the rare and fantastic delicacy which one meets in "A Dream" or "Encounter." While she writes of what she knows, the scenes and the things that are her inheritance and from which her generous nature springs, her work possesses a character and deep-rooted strength compounded, like everything that is most English, from a great variety of opposites, and richly flavoured with emotion. Elsewhere she seems to remain on the surface.

To labour the point would be ungracious. After all, as has been said, she has given us much that is hers alone, and whether at home or abroad, one returns again and again gladly and gratefully to "The Land."

John Linnell

Summer Harvest: Poems, 1924-1933.

By John Drinkwater. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

You will not hurt yourself if you fall down in this world, you will fall soft: besides, Mr. Drinkwater affirms that you will never fall down. The consistency of cotton wool yields and is a barrier to all the senses. Within the structure of a romanticism such as this it is impossible to be concerned. It is the dull finality of safety.

Now Mr. Drinkwater is a poet versatile in his themes. A glance at the book makes it clear that his personal contacts are diverse and admirably unrestrained. "The King's Birthday," "June Midnight," "Song for the City of Oxford School," "American Vignettes" and "Egyptian Idylls" are titles of poems and of sections taken at random. He is conscious of responsibility as a commentator on the events of his time. Moreover the most portentous and the most paltry of events fit comfortably into this world. There need be no hesitation or difficulty in dealing with such a matter as the slums where the final verse of "A Slum Piece" so nearly retards our responsibility to the next world:

"Brothers of England, how shall we meet him then—
little boy of the street;
we who have made him suffer among men
to uttermost defeat?"

The faint muster of sorrow and ugliness brought together in a poem such as this is the selection of the sentimentalist using these qualities as furniture for his theme. I question whether it is possible for a writer of this kind of poetry to be sincere. Sincerity is a simple but quite final demand. It is immediately concerned with the poet's vision, the relation of his experience with the act of expression: it finally controls the experience of the reader. To reproach this poetry with this insincerity is to find a deficiency in every aspect of it. When a writer expresses himself in the terms of a world unrelated to living men he misinterprets every image that grows. The process is facile, the imagery on any page of "Summer Harvest" is abundant: Mr. John Drinkwater is simple, pictorially charming; but of what value is his versatility in these qualities in his world of cotton wool?

John Pudney

CORRESPONDENCE

"Cheap Music"

SIR,

I do not propose to argue further with Mr. Warren, for reasons that will be obvious to any musicians amongst your readers. However as few of these would, we may suppose, when reading his article in your October issue, have at hand the earlier issue, with my article to which he is replying, it is perhaps admissible to state that I did *not* say: "Children must be taught harmony and orchestration"—or even hint at any such absurd suggestion.

Yours, etc.,

PERCY A. SCHOLLES.

Cornaux, près Chamby

sur Montreux, Switzerland.

"Modern Sculpture"

SIR,

In his note on my book, "Modern Sculpture," in your Christmas number, your reviewer writes: "All the bad sculptors . . . will be found in Mr. Maryon's book. . . . Most of the good sculptors are here as well (even Henry Moore), but *all are equal in Mr. Maryon's eye*" (my italics).

Surely my eye must fail me, for I cannot read anything of the kind in the book, which I thought was an attempt to show the wide range of "subjects" which interest contemporary sculptors. In fairness to their authors and to my readers, I tried to give a representative collection; I do not admire all the results, and I say so.

But my eye must have failed me after all. In the reference to Thornycroft's "King Edward I," quoted by your reviewer, I must plead guilty to having passed a misprint. I had written "kingly," nor "kindly," but failed to notice the mistake in the proof. Your reviewer also is guilty of a similar slip. The Swedish sculptor referred to is Carl "Milles," not "Mills" as printed.

Yours, etc.,

HERBERT MARYON.

Armstrong College,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Mr. Geoffrey Grigson writes:

I apologise to Mr. Maryon for not being more explicit. I should have said: "all men seem equal in Mr. Maryon's eye." If Mr. Maryon regards this as unjust, the fault is his own, for it was not possible to find from his book that he judged his extraordinary mixture of sculptors and examples by any critical standard. Worthless and valuable were written of at least on the same level.

Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes.

By R. Austin Freeman. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Empty House.

By Francis D. Grierson. 7s. 6d.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

Who Goes There ?

By Derek Vane. 7s. 6d. (Eldon Press.)

The Park Mystery.

By H. Lawrence Phillips. 7s. 6d. (Nelson.)

A Woman of Destiny.

By Stephen Maddock. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Gallows Parade.

By Froom Tyler. 7s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

Since Sherlock Holmes, still the most famous of all detectives in fiction, made his final bow there have been a number of followers in his footsteps. Brass plates, neatly lettered "Criminal Investigator," have been set up in opposition to Scotland Yard, and various authors have attempted to obtain a hearing for their pet sleuth's exploits.

Many of these fictional detectives are short-lived. Some never become the fashion and disappear into obscurity; others, like Mr. E. C. Bentley's Paul Trent, retire on the kudos obtained from one brilliant case; the remainder continue to attract clients (and consequently readers) in some degree.

The private detective in fiction has a rival in the more solid Yard man. Some authors specialise in the C.I.D. Mr. and Mrs. Cole, for instance, attend on Superintendent Wilson; Mr. Wills Crofts gives the reader the cases of Inspector French.

This system of carrying a central figure through a series of books is particularly suited to the thriller. It is true that the author who strikes new ground with each novel is less constricted in his choice of a plot and setting, and he does not run the risk of boring a section of his readers who might turn against his detective. Against that however can be put the publicity value of the reiteration of a single name. Lord Peter Wimsey, Hercule Poirot, Roger Sheringham—we all know them and associate their respective authors with them (which incidentally makes it the more reprehensible on the part of Miss Sayers that she should spring an individual called Montague Egg on an unsuspecting public. How all the Wimseyites shuddered!).

But pride of place among those in the Holmes tradition belongs without question to Dr. Thorndyke. He was one of the first in the field and he remains pre-eminent. Dr. Freeman's medico-legal expert is more human and less showy than his great predecessor; his knowledge of forensic medicine and his use of scientific deduction are fully as sound. An Austin Freeman book has a flavour as precise and individual as had the Conan Doyle series, and it is not surprising to find his novels on the bookshelves of serious students of crime.

"Doctor Thorndyke Intervenes" is as fascinating as anything this author has given us. It opens with the discovery of a human head in a package left in a cloak-room at a London terminus, and in the elucidation of this mystery two further plots are ingeniously dovetailed—the theft of a valuable consignment of platinum and an attempt to substantiate a romantic claim to an English peerage. Dr. Thorndyke's reasoning is logical and irrefutable; the excitements that occur in the course of the book are sufficiently gruesome to rivet the reader's attention; and the whole case is worked out to the last detail. This is a book to read once—and then again.

"As the cupboard door swung back the figure of a tall man lurched slowly forward and crashed on to the bare boards at their feet. The handle of a knife protruded from his back."

That is what Jack Vane and the house agent's clerk discovered in "The Empty House," and hard on the heels of this unpleasant shock came other mysterious happenings. Who was the horrified girl whom Vane saw for a second before she vanished? Who had been occupying the attics? The dead man turns out to be a repulsive type of

The Sherlock Holmes Tradition

money-lender; the missing girl is his typist, Eve Page. So there are two search-parties in this book. One, led by Inspector Blyth, is on the tracks of the murderer; the other is Jack Vane's affair and is

prompted by love at first sight. Both searches are prolonged. Indeed the inspector eventually calls in Dr. Marrible, a criminologist of international repute, to help him. Nevertheless another murder is committed before the book ends with a disclosure that should surprise the most hardened reader. Mr. Grierson's characters are alive and for the most part likeable, and he can skim over the sentimental passages with the lightest of touches. Both Inspector Blyth and Dr. Marrible thoroughly deserve the wider reputation that their exploits bring them.

Mr. Derek Vane uses the rather hackneyed murder-at-the-house-party *motif*. Usually the host is chosen as the victim on these occasions, and Roderick Chester is no exception to this rather ungracious rule. Among the suspected guests at the party in "Who Goes There?" were Venetia Falmer, who was being discarded by Chester for a new love, and Philip Louvray, an ex-diplomat who adores her to the extent of concealing incriminating evidence. Other possible murderers are the dead man's valet and that most perfect of housekeepers, Miss Druce. It is left for Inspector Blake and the reader to guess which of them stabbed Chester in the back. There is perhaps nothing very original about this book, but it is a well written and interesting piece of work.

Is it not time that two stock characters were banished for ever from crime fiction? One of these is the charming girl who is innocence itself for three-quarters of the book, and then quite suddenly turns into a hard-faced, foul-mouthed virago of sadistic tendencies and nasty acquaintances. The other is the idiot hero who on receipt of a

scribbled note or urgent telephone summons rushes off into an obvious trap, where instead of his lady love he meets a hearty biff on the head. Unluckily the blow is never quite hard enough to kill, and he recovers to give the police a deal of trouble before they can rescue him.

Both these characters appear in "The Park Mystery," which concerns a missing document of international importance. Violence, robbery and murder follow hard on its disappearance, and only the greater idiocy of a gang of villains who go out of their way to call attention to themselves saves that painfully breezy young man, Basil Lockyer, and his girl from a very nasty time. But the police arrive at the last moment and all is well.

Mr. Stephen Maddock's "A Woman of Destiny" deals with secret service adventures. Joan Meredith finds an injured pigeon on Wimbledon Common and discovers a cryptic message tied to the bird's leg. The same night her room is burgled by a masked man who threatens her with a revolver. But Timothy Terrel, of the British Secret Service, is watching over her. Under his tuition she embarks on a brief career as a British agent in Germany, where she meets a mysterious Fräulein Weiss. But, before she can let Tim know of the information she has gathered of a stupendous Bolshevik plot against Britain, she is abducted and shipped to Russia. There this swiftly moving book brings Joan, Tim and the mysterious Fräulein together again in an exciting climax. A brisk and entertaining book.

The last book on my list, "Gallows Parade," sets out to show that fiction does not have matters all its own way. And very well it does it. This is a collection of real-life murder stories presented in a readable and sometimes wittily sardonic manner. The author has wisely chosen to search for lesser known criminals than to retell the hackneyed exploits of the "big guns" in the murder business. A few classic crimes are included, but most of the stories are refreshingly novel. I particularly liked "The Case of the Green Box," in which a Mr. Henry Piper was rewarded for his assistance in bringing a double murderer to justice by the sum of fifty pounds and a ticket for a front seat at the execution!

by Marcus Magill

The Art of Economy

By Francis Watson

The Stories of Thornton Wilder.

6s. (Longmans Green.)

Relight the Lamp.

By Barbara Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Thornton Wilder has long deserved an omnibus volume, and his mastery of the long-short story makes him more suitable than most writers to this inevitable treatment. In a compass scarcely sufficient for a single novel of the popular saga type we are given his three justly celebrated miniature studies, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "The Cabala" and "The Woman of Andros," and regret at reaching the end of this volume is tempered with gratitude for Mr. Wilder's powers of restraint. With the exceptions of David Garnett and the earlier Aldous Huxley I know no modern writer to approach Mr. Wilder in the art of economy, and in an age of sinful literary extravagance it may be that the city will be spared for the sake of these three righteous.

It is no reproach to an artist so skilful in *reductio ad perfectum* as Mr. Wilder to call him, as Molière was called, "*le grand profiteur*." "The Cabala" it is true seems to be to some extent based on the author's actual experiences in Rome, but for the first part of "The Woman of Andros" he has gone to Terence and Menander, and surely the Marquesa de Montemayor in "The Bridge" has a great deal to answer for to Madame de Sévigné? Delicious indeed as is the correspondence between Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, I am inclined on re-reading "The Bridge" to congratulate Mr. Wilder on having made from a silk purse of which the weight is occasionally inconvenient, and the embroidery perhaps a trifle too florid for fastidious tastes, a sow's ear that might be a detail in a painting by De Hoogh. And Dona Maria is not the only one of the five victims of the Luis Rey catastrophe whom it is good to meet again.

It was "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" which made Mr. Wilder's reputation, but without committing myself to an expression of personal preference I can suggest that he would have deserved that reputation on "The Cabala" and "The Woman of Andros" alone. Memo. for Christmas present lists: all three can now be bought in an attractive format for the original price of one.

In "Relight the Lamp," a book of twelve short stories, Lady Wilson shows that she too is alive to the value of economy. But while Mr. Wilder's grip on the tight form which he allows himself is quite consistent, Lady Wilson is inclined to endanger the effect of her stories by reserving her ironic restraint for her climaxes. The result is that while in each case she makes her point with admirable shrewdness she more than once impedes her approach to it by overwriting the body of the matter. It is a natural temptation in one with so keen an eye for the details of local colour, but such details are pitfalls for all but the most accomplished literary craftsmen. In a novel—and I hope that Lady Wilson will write a novel—there is leisure for the inspection of minutiae for their own sake, but in a short story every word must count. "Need We Any Further Witness," in which minor scenes and characters, charmingly described, effectively cloud what seem to be intended as the main issues, presents an extreme example of this tendency, and "Whips and Scorpions," one of the shortest stories, is also one of the best. Lady Wilson knows the aristocracy of the English country-side and understands its peasantry, and she is quick to see through both to the particular substratum of character where her sympathetic irony can deal with universalities. It is on account of these striking manifestations of capacity that I emphasise what appear to me to be shortcomings.

EAST ANGLIA. By R. H. Mottram. 8s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

The depressing fact that the uglier our country grows the more enthusiastically its inhabitants praise it leave most people who sincerely appreciate the beauties of the country-side with a feeling of baffled despair. Hikers and streams of motor-car owners looking earnestly for a view

are only less depressing than hoardings because they are transitory. But amongst the increasing mass of books which merely facilitate the tourist's task of finding an expansive view there have been a few which show that the love which comes from profound and unusually local knowledge is still alive. "East Anglia," by R. H. Mottram, stands easily in the first rank of books about England. Not only does he know the present day aspect of his province but he knows how it has grown. He understands how the nature of the country and the nature of its inhabitants have interacted to form the different characteristics of Norfolk and Suffolk, of those who live by the Broads or in Norwich. He can talk with as much pride of the Colmans' great industries as of mediæval prosperity, and expects a river to be navigated not only by pleasure seekers. His book is more than an excellent and detailed guide, it is a lesson in proper and intelligent appreciation of both country-side and town.

THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated by Edward Marsh. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It is said that porter changes its nature as a beverage when it is shipped across the Irish Channel, whatever care is taken in its transport and whatever eagerness and enthusiasm goes to its consumption. That which is true of this magic property in liquor might be said of La Fontaine. Mr. Marsh's translation however brings the fables into a new and delightful intimacy which they lacked at school, where one was first stampeded into a dislike of so many good things by their unreasonable repetition. It is good to be able to renew the acquaintance of one whose speech is so simple and whose wit is so lively. It is remarkable how unpretentious is this language, how subtly indifferent he is to the pomposity and sophistication that surrounded him. His allegories are effortless and realistic; the speech of his animals is a rarity in literature where animals speak with tongues, it is vivid and has the grace of wit. In our own literature one can only find "Alice in Wonderland" to compare with it in this respect.

Mr. Marsh has annotated the text freely with clarifications, observations and very honest apologies for some of his renderings. His running commentary is in fact comprehensive to the point of being fussy when it is concerned with a comparison of "present day standards" to the characteristics of La Fontaine's "Dunce," though such a slight matter does not impede our general admiration of the difficult work he has done. He explains in the preface that he intends to be free with allusions and settings and here he seems to be particularly happy. The free and simple rendering keeps close to the original in spirit and leaves one with confidence in the judicious honesty of the translator. Mr. Stephen Gooden's illustrations are admirably unsentimental but appeared to this reader to show an unfair avoidance of the animals.

John Pudney

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR 1934

Four indispensable reference books for 1934: "Burke's Peerage"—in which the changes during the past year have been considerable, nine peerages having become extinct and one hundred and sixty-seven knights having died; "Who's Who" continues to be the most interesting of all year books, with its 40,000 biographies revealing, besides information, much unconscious humour and not a little material for the psychologist (a new parlour game, in fact, might be to take random entries in "Who's Who" and deduce therefrom the characters of the writers); "Whitaker's Almanack," with an index of 25,000 references, occupies on our shelves the next space to "Who's Who," and is even more constantly referred to. The development of some of the sections in "Whitaker," since its inception in 1868, reflects the growth of democracy. "Government and Legal Offices" for instance, which occupy one hundred pages in the present volume, needed only seventeen in 1869. Lastly, for all writers, there is the "Writers' and Artists' Year Book," with its invaluable suggestions for the free-lance. No journalist can afford to be without this book.

THE DIARY OF BENJAMIN NEWTON.

Edited by C. P. Fendall and E. A. Crutchley. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

What a comfortable England it was in 1816—at least for the upper classes, and they were the only people that really mattered. Twenty years of gentlemanly warfare crowned with victory, superiority born of mere spectatorship of foreign revolution and upheaval, and the fall in the price of corn scarcely felt yet were factors to strengthen a system wherein every man knew his place, and with a few impertinent exceptions, kept it.

The Reverend Benjamin Newton, Rector of the small village of Wath, on the borders of the North Riding of Yorkshire, judging from the pages of his diary, must have been a fine example of his age and class. Plentifully endowed with the goods of one world, he through the nature of his calling made the best of both. As a well-to-do country gentleman he hunted with all the local packs, coursed the hare, fished, bred greyhounds and horses, and maintained an ample board at which he entertained a never ending succession of friends. As a magistrate of the North Riding of Yorkshire he was as sedulous in his attendance on the Bench as he was in carrying out his duties as parish incumbent—and that is saying a great deal when one considers the state of the English Church at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The diary covers three years of his residence in Yorkshire. The entries are mostly brief and very much to the point: the price of stocks and crops, sentences meted out on the Bench, duties performed and Sacraments administered, the inevitable weather, and the likewise inevitable menus. There is a minimum of disquisition, doubt being chiefly in abeyance in that delectable period. The entry for March 14th, 1818, is typical: "Dined at Mr. Howards, convicted a man of Dishforth for setting snares and catching a hare in £5 penalty. Coursed for the last time this year, killed a hare."

Forty of the best pages are devoted to a tour of the Lake District; it was the thing to do, the Poets and the cult of the picturesque had set the new fashion, and a "laker" was already an acknowledged form of tourist in 1818. His remark that "the forms of the mountains are the most grotesque and at times the most sublime that can be imagined" show that he was fully sensitive to the prevailing taste of the Romantic. While he was at Kendal he records that his wife "got up without a hint from me before seven o'clock. This is the first time since we were married which makes me remark an occurrence that happens but once in thirty years." A good and simple man, not without a sense of humour, is thus rescued from oblivion by the united efforts of the editors, for our greater appreciation of the greatness of a bygone age.

THE WEREWOLF. By Montague Summers. 15s. (Kegan Paul.)

THE SECRET COMMONWEALTH. By Robert Kirk. 7s. 6d. (MacKay.)

Magic, though not in the sense of something rather amusing and suitable for Christmas parties, has exercised an extraordinary influence over mankind for a considerable period. In tracing the evolution of the magical arts it is difficult to arrive at any definite conclusions as to what is based on fact or what is mere legend. Mr. Montague Summers has written what may well be a classic work on one variation of the transmigration theme—the Werewolf. This denizen of night and hell has received scant notice from anthropologists and even the folk-lorists are apt to summarily dismiss it with a shudder. The ultimate origin of the Werewolf is shrouded in obscurity, and Mr. Summers very wisely does not attempt to make any definite statement to account for it. For him it is sufficient that the evidence, which is beyond dispute, should tell his story. The result is a book both comprehensive and well documented.

As most people know, when Robert Kirk was one day walking across the Fairy Hill, at Aberfoyle, Perthshire, he suddenly disappeared and was never heard of again. What really happened is of course problematical, but his book proves that if he had been carried off by banshees

THE BOOKMAN'S

Being short reviews of

he would have been perfectly able to look after himself. This is the third time "The Secret Commonwealth" has been reprinted and it will probably not be the last.

F. L. T.

KRISHNAMURTI. By Carlo Suarès. Les Editions Adyar. (Paris.)

I am sorry for Mr. Krishnamurti. It seems as if he will never be able to shake off the complex that has been grafted on to him by his mentors. He was not even a prodigy when, as a mere lad of normal intelligence, he was decided upon by Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant who superimposed on him the Messiah complex. He has no grievance, for though he could plead juvenile gullibility for the earlier period, it was not until he was past normal maturity, and that when the business was threatening to end as a farce or a fiasco, that he renounced the ægis of his sponsors and the gratification of his egotism by dissolving his Society.

But he still labours under the complex. His argument is that men like the Buddha, for example, were self-advertisers of their Perfection. Why should not he, advertising himself, and with equally humanitarian motives, be accepted as another Buddha? This book by one of his disciples, contains Krishnamurti's brand of wisdom. Mr. Suarès writes: "It was in January, 1927, that Krishnamurti, who had already achieved union with the adorable image, the object of his search, finally saw all dream symbols vanish. He awoke in the fullness of his being, and at once all myths and symbols disappeared. This was illumination. *Illumination*, he says, *is the discovery of the true value of things.*"

As for Mr. Krishnamurti's sublime attainments we have only Mr. Suarès's contention and his own assertions. Buddha and other religious leaders did not live in hot-houses. Their wisdom was threshed out in the public square of human intercourse. As for Mr. Krishnamurti's "wisdom" it is so palpably the echo of the general wisdom of the East however much it may have the sound of profundity to Western ears. As for his claims to Perfection, any lunatic asylum could produce claimants to still more exalted Perfections. If Mr. Krishnamurti's intention is merely to retain an esoteric coterie, with the resulting security of livelihood to himself, he is on the right track. But if he expects to be taken seriously, he will have to forsake his specially magnetised "atmospheres" and "auras" and pit his intelligence and his surviving power against the world at large. For the present one must feel sorry for this pleasant-mannered man (in that respect so much a credit to Asia) whose wisdom the world could do without, but whose intelligence combined with his unquestionably humanitarian motives the world could well utilise.

J. Vijaya-Tunga

HORSEMANSHIP AS IT IS TO-DAY. By Sarah Bowes-Lyon. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon is only twelve years of age, and it appears that she is going to progress with the pen as rapidly as she appears to have done with her riding. But, as the publishers point out, Miss Bowes-Lyon's orthography is not on a level with her art (the young authoress has illustrated her book) and at times the necessary energy to decipher the facsimile lettering is hardly repaid by the information attained. Nevertheless that is a minor fault, and the fact remains that "Horsemanship As It Is To-day" is a most successful production.

POLLYCON. By E. F. Stucley. 3s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

One of the results of the present economic crisis is the spate of "economics made easy" publications that have seen the light of day. Now in Miss E. F. Stucley's book we have an attempt to write "for the young economist." In this case the "young economist" is presumed to be

TABLE

a variety of books

about seven years of age, and so that he will not be confused by the intricate and abstruse reasonings of the gloomy science, Miss Stucley has decided to explain everything in simple, childish language. As far as the childish language is concerned, the book is an unqualified success. Alas! the simple exposition is less fortunate, for to present even the very most elementary principles of economics in simple terms is impossible. Uninformed sceptics may disagree, but a subject which is almost purely abstract and dependent on a wide knowledge of the other sciences connected with the organisation of the life of mankind can never be "popularised" or treated in a Children's Corner manner.

F. L. Towers

THE INDIAN THEATRE. By R. K. Yajnik. 10s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Sir Nigel Playfair once produced an Indian play—"The Toy Cart" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. "The Toy Cart" is a pleasantly-written social commentary, suited to the tastes of a cultured aristocracy living about the second century B.C. It was a truly great play (by all contemporary accounts), and it was dead fifty years after it was written. It was the work of a man with an intelligent author's dominating interest in his own times: and it was written (like the earlier Greek plays) as a religious exercise in which it would have been blasphemous to have been merely entertaining and irreverent to be stupid. If the London cast had read this usefully short description of the sort of thing an Indian drama was, they might not have been defeated by the combination of intelligence and the drama, which to them was unprecedented. As it was, one-half of the cast imagined that the play was a rather weak farce, and played it that way; some others concluded that as it was in verse it must be a tragedy; while the rest gave it up and acted in a sort of stupor which they conceived to be Oriental.

The play ran three nights. From our point of view this was a pity, because Dr. R. K. Yajnik's wholly admirable and careful book, in the course of a careful survey of the plays and theatres of old and modern India, shows very plainly that the Indian drama flourished widely as an art of "pleasant instruction" almost until the English occupation. Aesthetically the main influence of the English in India has been to popularise trousers and Shakespeare. The Nationalist Movement in India has quite rightly seized upon trousers as an appropriate symbol of the British Raj. They will have nothing to do with them. I hope Dr. Yajnik's book will get the circulation it deserves, and thus stir up the Indians to restore their own drama with the same justifiable pride as they restored their loin cloths. Dr. Yajnik's style is sufficiently readable to encourage them to read the whole work, even to those pathetic chapters which describe the contemporary degeneration of the Indian drama into vernacular translations of Shakespeare's platitudinous plays.

M.

NEWMAN AND HIS FRIENDS. By Henry Tristram. 6s. (John Lane.)

Father Tristram has had the happy thought to collect together, in chronological order, the various dedications of Newman's books, and to accompany them with an explanation of the occasion and origin of each. It was a happy thought, because it shows Newman in an unfamiliar light: not as intent theologian, prolific writer, nor ascetic leader, but as a very human creature, possessed of tender feelings and emotions: as a man among men: one who was abidingly loved by them and who loved them in return. The dedications are in themselves small works of art: pointed, concise, polished; but they also form a complete index to their author's friendships. The long life gave many publications to the world; it enjoyed almost as many friendships. The dedications are the

eloquent witnesses: now in lapidary, now in epistolary, style.

It is curious that throughout his Anglican period he used the lapidary style solely, but that on his conversion to Rome he at once abandoned it for the epistolary, and adhered to that for the rest of his life. Where, one may ask, is the Dedication to-day? With letter-writing it seems to have passed away. Writers of to-day content themselves with a curt, churlish, almost dismissive "To ——" We have lost the neat turns, the balanced clauses, the superb rhythm of yester-century. Father Tristram's labour has quite obviously been one of love: the pious intention is completely justified. His links of narrative, binding these dedications together, are links of sensitive, exquisite English. Indeed, the whole comprises a fragrant and memorable "Garland of Friendship."

Vernon Knowles

THE AMAZING EPILOGUE. By Barbara Wingfield-Stratford. 9s. net. (Lovat Dickson.)

In 1821 there began to appear in monthly parts a chronicle of the doings of Jerry Hawthorn and his Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom. For seven years Pierce Egan, helped by the Brothers Cruikshank, followed these imaginary "Bright Young People" of their day from pleasure to pleasure—"High Life, Low Life, sport, dalliance with 'Cyprians,' fights with the Watch—all the many activities that went to make up the life of a fashionable young man of the period, were dealt with in this extremely frank book." We agree with Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford that it was a great pity that the heroes of all these sprees and rambles were disposed of with such appalling suddenness. We applaud her courage of doing the obvious yet extremely difficult thing, by resurrecting Jerry Hawthorn at periods of from twenty to thirty years, and allowing him to become the Bright Young Person of the hour again. It is beautifully done, so subtly that the irony of the original remains; yet so faithfully that it might well remain as a serious study in the history of Manners.

WONDER MALADY

By Francis Watson. 7s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

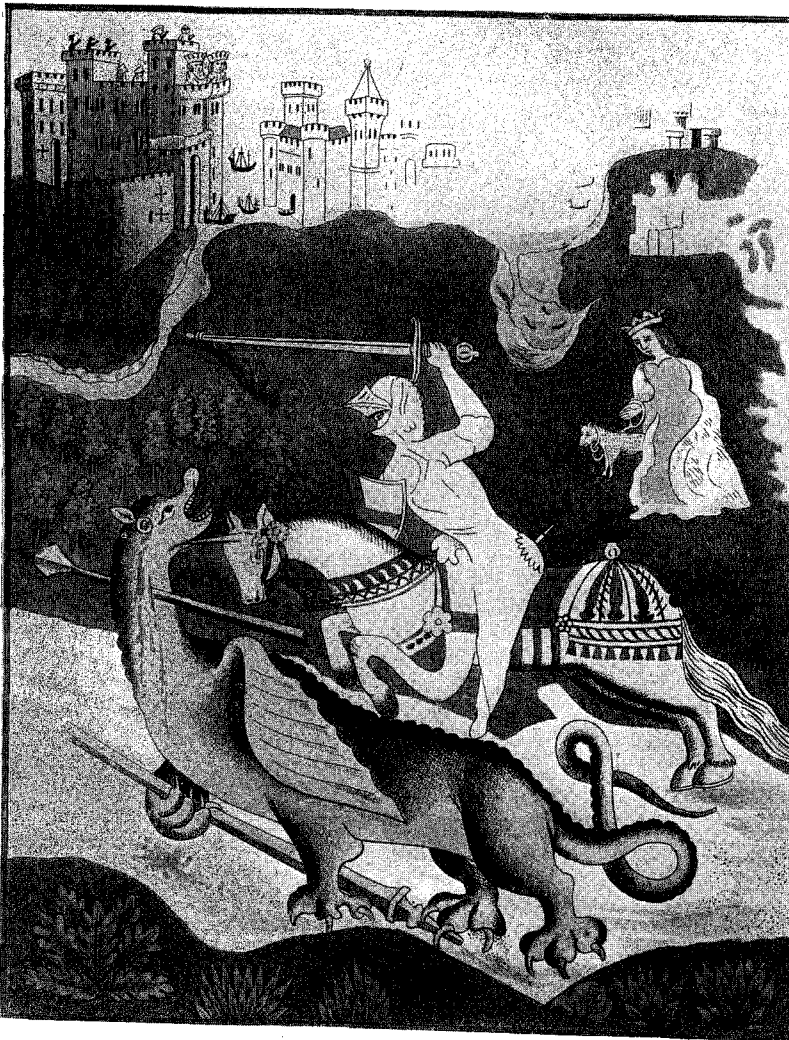
"Anderson has a rare and perhaps rather precious facility for suiting any set of solutions to any set of problems. For example he falls in love. He attributes the disturbing symptoms to a general spiritual chaos believed to exist at the present day; searches for the causes of that chaos and fails to find them; accepts a few excerpts from Plato designed to distract him from his speculations, applies them to yet another set of difficulties and returns cheerfully to the woman who started it all." This is the summing-up of the hero of Mr. Watson's latest novel, by a mysterious clergyman who always appears with the apposite learning at the right moment. To meet such learning and to find such a plot for a novel nowadays is certainly refreshing, and the changes from very good, ordinary realistic descriptions to discourses upon Plato lend much variety to the book. Indeed there is so much darting about that Mr. Watson does not altogether manage to dispel a certain disjointedness. To write a love-story with an intellectual interest is such a rare achievement however that minor faults should be readily forgiven, and those who are not already following Mr. Watson's career with interest should certainly make amends and begin by reading this novel.

E. W.

BARBARIAN: A TALE OF THE ROMAN WALL.

7s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

Mr. Bartropp's book is emphatically one of those that will give as much pleasure to the adult giver as to the juvenile recipient. For he breaks new ground, and displays to us a very absorbing and vivid picture of the savage fighting that took place between Romans and Caledonians along the length of the Roman Wall. The hero of the story is a gallant foreign Legionary who fell in love with a British lady and who, at the time of the apparent collapse of the Roman power, renounced Rome and became a Briton. A great deal of deeply interesting history is skilfully conveyed under the guise of fiction. Readers of every age would have welcomed a map giving both Roman and British names.



St. George and the Dragon

(From "The English Folk Play," by E. K. Chambers (Oxford University Press).)

A NATIONAL GALLERY: Being a Collection of English Characters compiled by C. C. and D. G. 6s. net. (Martin Secker.)

The editors have not attempted to define that element that may be termed peculiarly English. Modesty, and not inefficiency, has caused them to leave that to us, after reading the evidence of a symposium embracing writers as far apart as Chaucer and Virginia Woolf. There are nearly two hundred witnesses, their findings fill five hundred pages and the evidence is circumstantial, culled, rather at random, from their writings. They have "interpreted character in a wide sense, to include couples and families as well as individuals, and dogs and wet days, as well as worthy, wicked or ideal men and women."

It is probably the most ambitious anthology that has appeared, and as a bedside book ideal, rich in foretaste of unsuspected delightful books that must be read on the morrow.

HE CAME TO ENGLAND. By G. I. Renier. 10s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

Mr. Renier may perhaps have been infected with the peculiar English idea of fair play, and having asked the English if they were human, now gives them a chance to criticise his life. At least it prevents criticism of his former book, for with charming modesty he points out that John Stuart Mill had said the same thing much more succinctly in 1869. The description of his education at a boarding school of the Fathers of St. Jerome is the most vivid part of the book and would alone explain a desire to become English. He also shows a capability of writing amusingly of psychoanalysis or a drunken party, but few will follow his life and changing ideas with any great interest. Too often indeed the reader has an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Renier has studied the drearier stories of *Punch*, so heavily humorously does he relate little incidents.

E. W.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. By Ernest de Selincourt. 21s. (Oxford University Press.)

A devotion to her mother, which in endurance and sincerity can be compared with that of Charles to Mary Lamb; a friendship with Coleridge; above all an exquisite sensitivity to the beauties of landscape or country life; these make up Dorothy Wordsworth's life. Her letters and journals would always command attention for the delicate observations which they contain, even if these had not often been transmitted into the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

The present biography is as detailed as the most exacting scholar could wish. Not only is the essential Dorothy Wordsworth there, but we know the dates when she paid visits, when she moved house, when she had a tooth drawn, when the chimneys smoked. But at the end we do not know much more about her than before, unless the satisfaction of irrelevant curiosity should be classed as knowledge. High thinking and plain living, if it had to be followed the whole way through, is apt to make a drab show. There is no humour to enliven the smoking chimney and nothing but a lurid Jingoism to illuminate contemporary events. It is a difficult life to write, for it is in the small things, which to others might remain trivial, that Dorothy found her inspiration. Mr. Selincourt has done his best to call our attention to passages which are noteworthy, and it is hard to say that the biography could have been more competently or indeed more entertainingly written. A certain dullness would be evident in any life written in such detail.

Esmé Whittaker

THE BIRD OF DAWNING. By John Masefield. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This moving story of hard and high endeavour against the forces of nature and the madness of the mind, is set against the race for the London Prize for the China Tea Clippers some seventy years ago. Sailing from the Min River in one boat, under a skipper, mad (as they all seem to have been), to be rammed and sunk, cast adrift in the North Atlantic in a leaking boat with fifteen men, salt water in the breaker, and every sort of horror, our hero eventually gets his handful of a crew aboard another competitor in the race, *The Bird of Dawning*, which is discovered abandoned in mid-Atlantic—owing to religious mania on the part of the captain. Perhaps it is needless to say that he wins the race—by three hundred yards.

Beauty of description, improbability of conversation and tense excitement make this a strange book, but it is withal a superb adventure story.



The Impatient Patient

From "Fifty-Four Conceits," by Martin Armstrong (Secker)

CHARLES DICKENS : His Life and Work. By Stephen Leacock. 10s. 6d. net. (Peter Davies.)

To say that this is Dickens bovrilised and peptonised—it is, as it were, all the biographies and Dickensiana subjected to some Chicagoan literary sausage-machine—is not to belittle Professor Leacock. The professor as usual is scarifying on schools and colleges. He is crisp, concise, dramatic. The book is a miracle of compression. It's the quantity *plus* quality of Dickens's work which makes his biographer gasp, and its universal appeal. His books have been read for their own sake from first to last. In the sheer comprehensiveness of his work "no writer has ever equalled or approached it. None ever will. The time is past." For sense and sensibility, and the true feeling or sensation of Dickens, have given way before sensationalism. "It is a world of flickering shadows tossed by electric currents, of a babel of voices on the harassed air. . . ." Still there is hope while such as Professor Leacock remain to correct us.

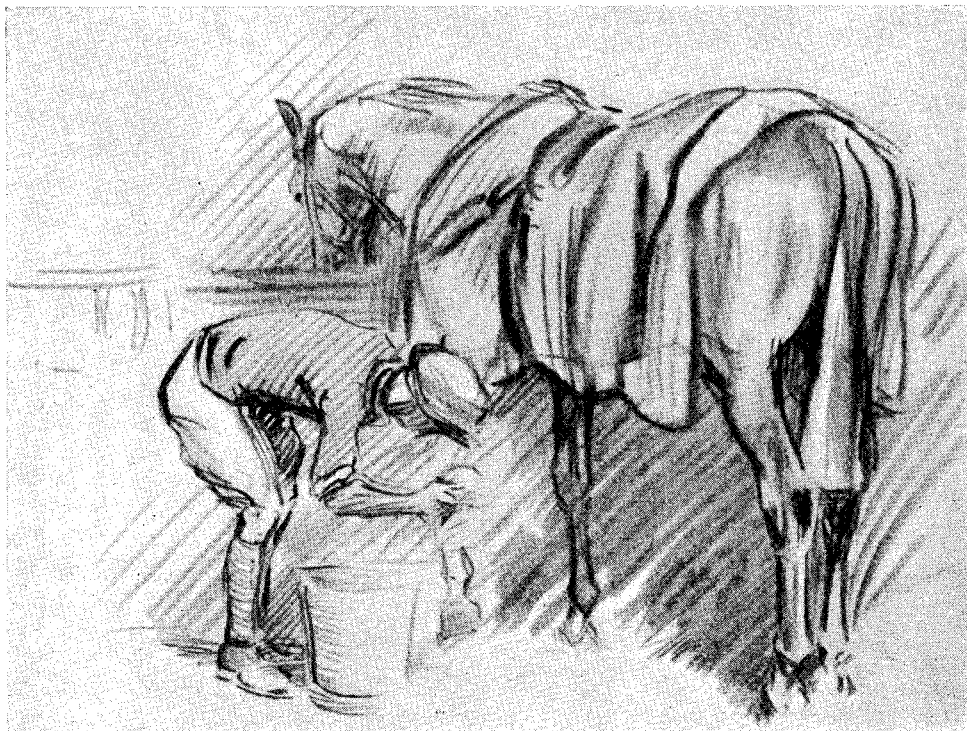
GORDON IN CHINA. By Bernard M. Allen. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

If a man writes a meticulous monograph such as this, it is apt to be unrecognised for we seize on the meretricious much more vividly. Mr. H. W. Nevins said of Dr. Allen's "Gordon and the Sudan," "If anyone in this century retains a feeling for Victorian heroism and nobility of purpose he will find it confirmed and augmented here." This is as true of Dr. Allen's pendant to his larger work. The fascinating story is beautifully arranged and well documented. The author has had access to a first-hand account of the fighting against the Taiping rebels, prepared under Gordon's supervision but never published. We get an accurate story of Gordon's famous quarrel with Li Hung Chang over the massacre of the rebel Wangs. In gratitude for the services Gordon had rendered China the Emperor awarded him the coveted Yellow Jacket of general. Otherwise he returned to his country a poorer man than when he left it. He took up a routine job at Gravesend, and did much religious and social work among youths; Chinese Gordon, the military genius and member of the Church Militant, awaiting the translation to Khartoum. The book moreover is not without bearing on present Chinese discontents.



A Young Airman

From "Fifty Four Councils," by Martin Armstrong (Secker).



From "Sketches from Stable and Kennel," by Lionel Edwards (Putmans)

A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL TO HIS CHILD-FRIENDS. Edited by Evelyn M. Hatch. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This book is a joy to all Carolines. And are we not all honourable children with Mr. Dodgson—don't forget the "g"—there is a letter on the subject. Miss Hatch contributes an introduction and notes to these letters of over forty years. There is in most of us a latent Pied Piper of Bamboozledum—seen at its lowest in practical joking perhaps—and there is no need to apply to Freud to solve the problem of the "dual life" of our Oxford tutor. Sufficient that his young friends helped his extravagant genius to blossom to a magnificence unparalleled. Here—although the letters must be considered as letters pure if not as simple as all that—is his art in the making. His metamorphosis of a small correspondent's "sackful of love and basketsful of kisses" into "a sackful of gloves and a basketful of kittens" is masterly. After much to-do of course the gloves fit—and here Mathematics, as so often, rears its head—the kittens.

IDA ELISABETH. By Sigrid Undset. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The charm of Sigrid Undset's writing lies in the quiet and unassuming manner in which she develops her skilful characterisations. Her books are not remarkable for sudden flashes of illumination, but they are even and well balanced, and the stories are built up with a calm and convincing power which few writers can equal. Her latest book is a study of feminine psychology in modern Norway, and it presents the character of a pleasant and distinctly ordinary young woman who is married to a man whose intellectual capacity is still that of a child. There are some writers who have to invent bizarre characters in order to hold the reader's attention, but Sigrid Undset is clever enough to interest her readers in such a simple and unromantic character as Ida Elisabeth. To read of her tribulations during her married life with the childish Fritjhof, of her decision to cast him off, of her life alone and her frustrated love for Tryggve, is to gain a new experience and to add a little more to one's knowledge of humanity. Fritjhof's mother and father, who are so absurdly devoted to their children, are brilliantly realised characters, and the whole story of middle-class life in Norway is worth reading on account of its vivid gallery of human beings, its simple but moving incidents, and its interesting picture of life in a foreign country.

E. H.



The Pharaoh of the Exodus

From "Side Notes on the Bible," by Hilda Petrie
(Search Publishing Co.)

is Irish, and not stage-Irish. But do not imagine that, however noble the chase, the book is entirely of hunting. There is shooting, point-to-points, fishing—Miss Farrell rightly remarks that many Masters of Hounds are keen fishermen. There is horse-dealing. It is a book where practically every sentence conjures up a picture, and every picture tells a story.

ISLAMIC SUFISM. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. 12s. 6d. (Rider.)

Those who are not Moslems generally think of Islam as an aggressive and fanatical creed. It was necessarily a stern code of conduct and less an intellectual diversion that Mahomet gave to the untamed tribes of Arabia. But in course of time the more intellectually minded of his followers read a subtler and deeper meaning into his teachings. Into such passages for example as this from the Koran (xvii. 14): "We have in this very life bound the consequences of a man's deeds about his neck and these hidden consequences we will bring to light on the day of resurrection." These followers developed into a sect known as Sufis. Sirdar Ali Shah defines a Sufi as one "whose speech accords with his behaviour and whose silence indicates his state and who discards worldly connections." "Poets," he says, "make the best Sufis, for poetry is the very essence of Sufism." He quotes the poet Rumi as an example.

Islam is very much to the fore at the moment because of the political importance of Islamic nations and there is no more desirable introduction to Islam than through Sufism. This book is a commendable introduction to a subject that deserves to be better known.

J. V-T.

WITH THE GUARDS WE SHALL GO: A Guardsman's Letters in the Crimea, 1854-1855. By Mabel, Countess of Airlie. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Countess of Airlie points the moral to her tale. She makes apt parallels between the state of affairs at the beginning of the Crimean War and 1914—and to-day. She has something to say on "havering" tactics, and a condition of politics and policies when nations appear unprepared either for peace or war. To "muddle through" has of course pride of place in English idiom. But it is her tale, as set forth in the letters of her great-uncle, Colonel Strange Jocelyn, which holds one enthralled by its stark truth. We indeed go with the glorious Guards—the Scots Fusiliers—and (as usual it would seem) go where warfare means more misery and death by famine and pestilence and so on, than by actual shot and shell, and where mistaken and imperfect orders mean untold losses. Many of the letters

RED LETTER DAYS. By M. J. Farrell and "Snaffles." With 7 illustrations in colour. 15s. net. (Collins.)

Ireland is still the hunting country *par excellence*—and *pace* all politics. It is perhaps something in its magical beauty—so more "other-worldly" than our homely English shires—which takes a hold on one's heart. These pages—the letter and line—warm one's heart in recollection and with anecdote that

end—"excuse this sad letter"; "a very stupid letter, but one's spirits are not of the best." "It blew a hurricane with Sleet and Snow; our tents were all blown down, and we had no shelter whatever. This lasted 12 hours, and I never knew what misery was before. . . . Our regiment even now has never got all its Officers' baggage . . . 16 ships, Transports, went down in the hurricane, and they say upwards of 3,000 souls perished, besides a great quantity of Provisions and Ammunition, £200,000 in Gold for the Army and, what was worst of all, all the Winter clothing and comforts for the men." Many of the combatants in the late War will smile, wryly perhaps. "I am quite shocked to hear you have sent me so many things I have not received." To one particular these letters testify: how often the military spirit marches with the religious. The book fulfils the duty of all good books—to give food for thought.

THE LIFE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. By Signe Toksvig. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Nisbet Bain gave us a comprehensive and very excellent Life of Hans Andersen, based chiefly on Danish works. It was so good a book that one almost felt there would be no need for any additional biography, yet there have been several others since then—all of interest and merit—and now in Signe Toksvig's volume we have the best of all; and what is perhaps most curious about it is that in her list of sources, mostly Danish, she includes almost none available in the nineties for Mr. Bain: the only important source common to both would seem to have been Hans Andersen's own writings.

Poor Hans Andersen! His greatest grief throughout his career was the relative coldness of his own compatriots. If his present biographer be a Dane, as one supposes, her appreciation of his genius comes all the more fittingly. There are scores of passages in her book that would have warmed his heart. And here is one that would have made him laugh as well. It will be remembered how the attitude of his closest friends, the Collin family, in particular, always vexed him. Here is Miss Toksvig's comment on the subject: "The Collins continued to think of what was largely the artist's expressiveness and need for reassurance as 'showing off,' while Andersen kept on expecting tortoises to have the warm tongue and the wagging abandon of spaniels." The book is very well produced and illustrated.

Frederic Whyte

EX LIBRIS. By John Galsworthy. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)

These selected passages from the master's works will bring great joy to the Galsworthy lover, and since many of them were chosen by the author himself the student also cannot fail to be interested.

SIDE-NOTES ON THE BIBLE. By Hilda Petrie. 3s. 6d. net. (Search.)

This small but interesting book by the wife of the great archaeologist only goes to prove that the spade of to-day is mightier than the sword of yesterday in vindicating the honour of the Bible.

CHARLES'S WAIN. 7s. 6d. (Mallinson.)

Eighteen well-known writers, including John Hampson, T. F. Powys, H. E. Bates, Rhys Davies, Liam O'Flaherty and Malachi Whitaker have each made a contribution to this miscellany of short stories. Four of the stories appeared previously in periodicals, but the remainder are here printed for the first time. An excellent collection representative of the present-day English short story at its best.

THE ROMANCE OF PARISH REGISTERS. By R. Waterville-Muncey, M.A. 6s. net. (Lincoln Williams.)

It is the countless minute entries in parish registers throughout the country on which the historian may build up a nation's history, the genealogist prove length and nobility of line, and the fortune hunter draw fresh strength and hope to contest his claim against the statement, "Title in Abeyance."

Biography

An Italian Englishman. Charles Lacaita. 15s. (Grant Richards.)

Lord Rennell in his introduction refers to Sir James Lacaita, the subject of this memoir, as "the ideal interpreter" of England to Italy where, in spite of his British naturalisation, he was known as Senatore Giacomo Lacaita. The book contains much of interest about the great characters of Victorian England.

Gordon in China. Bernard M. Allen. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Sheridan Knowles and the Theatre of His Time. Leslie Howard Meeks. (Bloomington, Ind.: Principia Press.)

John Henry Newman. J. Elliot Ross. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Believe Me or Not. Ruby Miller. 18s. (John Long.)

Charles Dickens. Stephen Leacock. 10s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

Thomas Heaphy. William T. Whitley. 7s. 6d. (Royal Society of British Artist's Art Club.)

The Boys' Life of Admiral Beatty. Capt. Frank H. Shaw. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Burns in Irvine. Rev. John C. Hill. 2s. 6d. (Lincoln Williams.)

Henry Scott Tuke. Maria Tuke Sainsbury. 12s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

John McNeill. Alexander Gammie. 5s. (Pickering & Inglis.)

Swift, or The Egoist. Mario M. Rossi and J. M. Hone. 16s. (Gollancz.)

Classical

Loeb Classical Library. 5 vols. 10s. each. (Heinemann.)

Of the present volumes the selection of St. Jerome's Letters presents a picture of life in Rome in his day, and illustrates the rise and spread of monastic life in Italy and the East; the history of Diodorus Siculus (the first volume) is of importance to students of ancient history, because it embodies a great mass of material collected from writers whose works have perished.

The works of Sextus Empiricus, the most important of which will be collected in the three volumes of which this is the first, are of special interest to students of philosophy, as he is the only Greek sceptic whose complete works have come down to us. The second volume of Arrian's history of the campaigns of Alexander, with which is included his work on India, contains material on which the researches of Sir Aurel Stein have thrown new light; while the fifth volume of Athenæus, which continues Professor Gulick's valuable edition of this author, is illustrated by a number of plates.

Criticism

Patmore: A Study in Poetry. Frederick Page. 6s. (Oxford University Press.)

Drama

Within the Gates. Sean O'Casey. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Doctors in Elizabethan Drama. Macleod Yearsley. 7s. 6d. (Bale, Son & Danielsson.)

The first systematic study of the practitioners of medicine and surgery in Elizabethan dramatic literature, by the author of "The Saints of Hamlet."

Fiction

End of An Ancient Mariner. G. D. H. and M. Cole. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED

Apocalypse of Love. Fairbairne McPhee. 8s. 6d. (Boriswood.)

Murder Among Friends. "Simon." 7s. 6d. (Wishart.)

Oppermann. Lion Feuchtwanger. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

Library of Humour: A. P. Herbert. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Library of Humour: A. A. Milne. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Gates of Hell. Erik R. v. Kuhnelt-Leddihu. 7s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

Mountain Gold. George Goodchild. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sam and Sallie. Alfred L. Crauford. 8s. 6d. (Cranley & Day.)

Evan's Surprise. Anne Shirley. 2s. 6d. (Leicester: Backus; and Simpkin Marshall.)

Nobody's Fault. Jenny Strauss. (Board.)

Charles's Wain. Various Authors. 7s. 6d. (Mallinson.)

Sudden. Oliver Strange. 7s. 6d. (Newnes.)

A Broth of a Boy. Richard Blake Brown. 7s. 6d. (Fortune Press.)

Our Elizabeth Returns. Florence A. Kilpatrick. 2s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Anthony Adverse. Hervey Allen. 10s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Child Performer. B. van-Thal. 3s. 6d. (White Owl Press.)

Ring the Bells of Heaven. A. E. Coppard. 3s. 6d. (White Owl Press.)

Ellery Queen Omnibus. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

The Nine Tailors. Dorothy L. Sayers. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Family Cruise. Helen Ashton. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

The Child Manuela. Christa Winsloe. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

History

William the Conqueror. Phillips Russell. 10s. 6d. (Scribners.)

Johnson's England. A. S. Turberville. Vols. I and II. 42s. (Clarendon Press.)

Ourselves: 1900-1930. Irene Clephane. 8s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

College at Eton. Eric Parker. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Juvenile

The London Treasury of Nursery Rhymes. Collected by J. Murray MacBain. 5s. (University of London Press.)

Naturecraft Creatures. Joseph W. Lippincott and G. J. Roberts. 6s. (Lippincott.)

Literary

Loan-Ends: Stories in Ulster. Florence Davidson. 5s. (Quota Press.)

Little sketches and stories of Irish life, illustrated with linocuts by Alfred E. Kerr.

Reaped and Bound. Compton Mackenzie. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

The Brooks of Morning. Donald MacDonald. 6s. (Angus & Robertson.)

The Superhuman Life of Gesar of Ling. Alexandra David-Neel and the Lama Yougden. 18s. (Rider.)

The most famous of the popular legends of Tibet—"the Iliad of Central Asia"—made available in a good translation.

Knight of the Pen. J. Cuming Walters. 6s. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes.)

A posthumous volume of essays by the late editor of the *Manchester City News*, in which he presents, in his own manner, many famous and interesting people whom he encountered in his career.

A Moray Loon. Stewart Alan Robertson. 5s. (Edinburgh: Moray Press.)

Collected Essays, Papers, etc., of Robert Bridges. 2s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

On Being Human. Gerald Vann. 2s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

Miscellaneous

Something Happened. Mildred Cable and Francesca French. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sketches in Stable and Kennel. Lionel Edwards. 10s. 6d. (Putnams.)

A book of delightful sketches in colour and line of hunting scenes, annotated by the artist. The original pictures have been on view for the past two months at the Grafton Galleries.

Sherry. H. Warner Allen. 5s. (Constable.)

The second volume of Constable's new "Wine Library," delightfully written by a connoisseur who is also a wit and a novelist.

Unrecorded Histories. Charles Ricketts. 21s. (Martin Secker.)

The English Folk-Play. E. K. Chambers. 10s. (Oxford University Press.)

An authoritative study of the Mummer's Play as distinct from the Folk Play, and a pendant to Sir Edmund Chambers's great work on the mediæval stage.

Trial of Benjamin Knowles. Albert Lieck. 10s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Hodge.)

A full account of the Knowles case of 1928, which was important as involving the right to trial by jury, and which ended with the quashing of the conviction by the Privy Council.

Albert Goes Through. J. B. Priestley. 5s. (Heinemann.)

A fantasy about a film fan, illustrated by Edmund Blampied.

Stories of Second Sight in a Highland Regiment. William Kirk. 2s. 6d. (Mackay.)

Rags and His Friends. Rowland Walker. 1s. 6d. (Epworth Press.)

Photograms of the Year. Ed. F. J. Mortimer. 5s. (Iliffe.)

A Gallery of Women. James Wedgwood Drawbell. 12s. 6d. (Collins.)

The Country Houses of Kent. Arthur Oswald. 12s. 6d. (*Country Life*.)

Creditors and How to Escape Them. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Friendship. Herbert N. Casson. 5s. (*Efficiency Magazine*.)

Chess For the Fun Of It. Brian Harley. 4s. 6d. (Bell.)

Kettle Drums. N. Ramabhadrau. R.1. (Mangalore, S.K.: Basel Mission Press.)

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than January 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope :

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE :

I.—Throughout 1934 a monthly prize of TWO GUINEAS will be offered for the best comment, in not more than two hundred words, on any topic of interest during the current month. Preference will be given to entries dealing with political, social or literary questions of a controversial nature. *Overseas competitors* are asked particularly to note that, for this competition, their entries will be eligible irrespective of the closing date. The editor reserves the right to print any comments submitted.

In addition there will be prizes of :

- II.—ONE GUINEA for the best "Dirge on the Departure of Cigarette Coupons."
- III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best list of alternative English names for the months of the year.
- IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best constructive suggestions for the improvement of THE BOOKMAN.
- V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of October Competitions

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best sonnet of protest by Guy Fawkes is awarded to W. A. Rathkey, 14, Oxford Road, N.W.6, for the following :

It is the fee of failure to be mocked,
Remembered only as a means for mirth !
Yet had I England's rotten basis rocked,
You willing slaves had known another birth :
Had risen freer from dead indolence,
And meek acceptance of a tyrant yoke :
Risen to master men whose base pretence
Is barely hidden 'neath the civic cloak.
But you still laugh, though warning voices cry
As statesmen stumble on the simple truth
That wealth is earned much faster with a lie
That soon lies sepulchred with murdered youth.
Look to your house ! Look to your cellars, where
Death lays the fuse that politics will flare !

The entries of L. V. Upward and L. F. Goldsmid are specially recommended. After these the ten best sonnets are those of E. Adams-Ray (Stockholm), N. Carruthers Gould (London), M. Anne Harrington (Greenhithe), Margaret W. Hadfield (Sheffield), K. Parker (London), John Purdie (Paisley), G. S. Purnell (St. Ives), Joan Stiebel (London), G. Norman Thackray (St. Helens), A. J. Thomson (Bristol).

II.—ONE GUINEA for the best rhymed verse on "Chivalry," introducing eight specified words, is awarded to B. Gibbs, "Fosters," Hall Lane, Upminster, for the following :

A noble Knight with heart of fire
Went riding forth on his destrier.
His only thought, his only bliss
To wear a helmet, sword and cuisse.
Full many a captive had he loosed
And fought in tourney and in joust.

Now as his good steed travelled well
He met a weeping Damosel
Who cried : "Sir Knight, the Dragon Tom——"
The Knight cried : "By my halidom
I'm glad I donned my new surcoat !"
"O spare him, Sir !" she wailed. "A goat
With whom he gambolled on the heath
Has butted out my Dragon's teeth !"
"Madam," quoth he, "in such a pass
No Knight could deal a *coup de grâce* !"

The ten highly commended entries are those of Violet M. Aldridge (Gloucester), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), F. Newbery Birch (Tintagel), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), T. W. Durrant (Dovercourt Bay), L. F. Goldsmid (London), Graeme Hay (London), M. McDonnell (Bothwell), P. M. Sadler (Beaconsfield), John E. Woods (Coventry).

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best version of the Very Humble Petition of World Armament Makers earnestly protesting against the threatened resignation of Mars, is awarded to L. V. Upward, Greenash, Chiswick Mall, W.4, for the following :

YOUR DIVINE EXCELLENCY,

Having learned of your proposed resignation, we, the undersigned, are emboldened by urgent necessity to implore you to reconsider your decision. We would particularly draw your attention to the effect upon employment which must inevitably follow such a move on your part : At a time like the present, when the nations in general and European nations in particular are more heavily armed than they had ever been, it is obvious that an unusually large number of the world's workers are gaining a living both from the manufacture and carrying of arms ; such men have been taught to regard you as the worthiest member of the Pantheon, as their patron, their mainstay, and your resignation would fill them with alarm and despondency. Of ourselves we say nothing ; we are used to harsh words and shrewd blows ; for many years we have been maligned and kicked by the ignorant. But on behalf of our humble employees we beseech you earnestly and in all humility to abandon a project which will bring disaster and ruin upon thousands of poor homes.

We have the honour to be, your excellency,

Your excellency's obedient servants,

THE WORLD ARMAMENT MAKERS.

The ten highly commended entries are those of J. N. Banister (Leyland), J. H. Eddleston (Bicester), J. H. G. Gibbs (Upminster), A. H. Godwin (London), P. M. Leath (Cleckheaton), John Purdie (Paisley), W. A. Rathkey (London), Joyce Stiebel (London), C. Fanshawe Swete (Guernsey), Joyce Woodhouse (Brundall).

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English seventeenth century poetry applicable to a book advertised in the October BOOKMAN is awarded to John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, for the following :

LITERATURE IN MY TIME. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Rich & Cowan.)

"And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill."

JOHN DONNE, *Satire II.*

We also select for printing :

BEHIND THE HEAD-LINES. BY WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.
(Arrowsmith.)

ASEBIA : We never valued right or wrong
But as they serve our cause :

ZELOTA : Our business was to please the throng
And court their wild applause.

DRYDEN, *Albion and Albanus, III, 1* (1685).

(B. M. Beard, c/o Mrs. Matthews, 178, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.)